BELPHEGOR:

OR THE

Marriage of the [illegible]

A

Tragi-Comedy.

Lately ACTED at the

QUEEN's THEATRE

IN

DORSET-GARDEN.

By Mr. *WILSON.*

—— *Prodesse potest, aut delectare* ——

LICENSED, *October* 13. 1690.

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Printed by *J. L.* for *Luke Meredith*, at the *Angel* in *Amen-Corner*, 1691.

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THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

Machiavel (whether the Original were his own, or *Straporola*'s, for both liv'd near the same time, and both play'd with the same Story) gave me the Argument of the ensuing Play; the substance of which, is briefly thus.

The Argument.

IT having been observ'd in Hell, that the Souls of such as came thither, generally complain'd, That their Wives sent them; it was at last resolv'd, that some one of themselves (as by Lot it fell) should for the better discovery of the Truth thereof, repair to the Earth, take upon him some Humane Figure, and for his better Encouragement, carry with him a round Summ of Money in his Pocket; subjected nevertheless to all the Conditions of Humanity, and, in the first place, to Marry a Wife, and live with her Ten Years (if possible) and after that, to return, and make them a true Account, upon his own Experience.

This Lot fell to Belphegor, *their old General, who assuming a brisk young Figure, settles in* Florence, *under the Name of* Roderigo, *and Quality of a Merchant, newly come from the*

Indies; *and Marries a Lady, of greater Blood, than Fortune, whom he ſo loves in earneſt, that ſhe finds it, and ſeeks all occaſions of ſquandring his Eſtate; which yet, he as readily complies with, becauſe it pleaſes his Wife: However, the Trade of a Merchant goes forward, and his Adventures at Sea, fall nothing ſhort of her Extravagance at Home.*

This, and other Accidents, make him incurr Debts; and, as other Men in like Caſes, he takes up Money to ſupport his Credit; till at laſt, his Ships at Sea being all loſt, what with his Creditors preſſing him on the one hand, and his Wife's Unaſineſs on the other, he fairly breaks.

And now, being ſubjected to all the Conditions of Humanity, like thoſe other Men, he flies, and takes Sanctuary with one Matheo *(a Neighbouring Vineyard-Keeper) tells him his Condition; and that if he'll ſhelter him from the Bailiffs, that are in cloſe purſuit of him, he'll make him a Man for ever: In ſhort,* Matheo *does it; and expecting the performance of his Promiſe,* Roderigo *tells him, that he is not what he appears to be (a Man) but a very Devil; and gives him ſome pregnant inſtances of it: However, to ſhew him what a Gentleman of a Devil he had met in him, further tells him, that as ſoon as he parted from him, he would inſtantly poſſeſs ſuch a Great Lady, and that nothing ſhould remove him, till he came, and therefore bad him be aſſur'd, and make his terms; and ſo, leaves him.*

Nor was he worſe than his Word; but immediately poſſeſs'd the ſaid Lady, and ſuffer'd himſelf to be diſlodg'd from her by Matheo; *as alſo of a ſecond; with this Caution nevertheleſs, that if he put him to't a third time, he ſhould find him his mortal Enemy.*

On this Belphegor *makes a trip into* France, *and poſſeſſes that King's Daughter, but not ſooner than the Report of the Two former Ladies had reach'd that Court. Whereupon, the King ſends ſeveral Meſſages, with large Promiſes of Reward to* Matheo, *to come and diſpoſſeſs his Daughter, which he as often ſhifts; till at laſt, the King having gotten him into his Hands, tells him, that unleſs he diſpoſſeſs her, he will certainly hang him. To be*

ſhort,

ſhort, Matheo *puts on a bold Face, and accoſts* Belphegor; *but, finding all to no purpoſe, throws himſelf upon the King's Mercy, in favourably accepting his Endeavours; and demands a large Stage, with all ſorts of Muſick, and Pomp imaginable; and that the Lady be brought upon it: to be ſure withal, that when he threw up his Cap, that they all ſtrike up together, with a general Shout: And this (ſaid he) with ſome other Ingredients he had, would, he doubted not, but deliver the Lady.*

In fine, all things being accordingly prepared, and ready, the Lady is brought upon the Stage, and from one thing to another, they at laſt, quarrel, and Matheo *throws up his Cap; which is ſeconded with a full ſhout; at which the poſſeſs'd Lady ſtarting, and demanding the meaning of all that noiſe;* Matheo *tells the Devil in her, his Wife had found him out, and was juſt coming up Stairs; on which the Lady gives a Spring at him, and drops; and* Belphegor *leaves her.*

Thus far *Machiavel*, whom I have chiefly follow'd; ſaving, that where he runs his Fable from one Country, to another, I found my ſelf neceſſitated (for preſerving the unity of Time, and Place, as much as it would bear) to fix the Scene, in ſome one place; and accordingly, chang'd it from his *Florence, &c.* to *Genoa*; and this, the rather; partly, in that the Women of *Genoa*, have a greater liberty, than in other parts of *Italy*; and partly, that the Dukedom of *Genoa* being elective, from two Years, to two Years, I might make way for a croſs Walk of Vertue, and thereby divert the tedioufneſs of a ſingle Walk. A Path (I muſt confeſs) not ſo generally trodden, yet even in that, the leſs ſubject to Sloughs, or Duſt.

To this purpoſe, I fancy, Imperia *the Wife of* Belphegor *had a Siſter* Portia (*of as high Vertue, as herſelf was void of it*) *married to* Montalto, *a noble* Genoeſe, *who had ſunk his Fortune, in ſerving the Republick; which yet (unknown to him) had been generouſly reſtor'd, by another Nobleman his Friend; and thence, endeavour ſome ſhort Characters of Friendſhip, and Gratitude——Of a Woman, that ſweetens her Husband, on all occaſions of diſcontent; One, whom no accident of Fortune can move,*

nor

nor Injury how design'd soever, provoke to an Indecency: And of a Man in him, that weathers his Troubles with an evenness of Mind; One, whom his Country's Ingratitude cannot tempt to a Revenge, and so little affecting his own Grandeur, that when the Senate had at last elected him Duke, he modestly refus'd it.

And having wrought altogether the best I could, I absolve the whole: Of which yet, because I may not be so competent a Judge my self, I here give it, as I wrote it, and leave it to my unbiass'd Reader to determine, whether it might not have expected as much Justice from the House, as it found from the Actors.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

On the occasion that the Play fell to be acted next after the *Prophetess.*

BOld was the Merchant first put out to Sea
Nor less adventrous, he that writes a Play:
Both have their hits; some scuds before the Wind,
Others lie by, and others, lagg behind;
And what's the Fate of Plays, the base Success
Of any one, makes the next Comer less;
The Market's cloy'd; some like not this, some that,
And (as in Surfeits) wou'd, they know not what:
So when the Prophetess *has fed your Eye,*
From Pit, and Box, to Upper Gallery,
What may our Devil of this Night expect?
Our Author once, was half afraid, neglect;
Till he bethought him, the best remedy,
For a pall'd Stomach, was Variety:
What made the Poets Gods so oft below?
Or what Apollo, *so unbend his Bow?*
Or what makes you, leave a fair Wife at home,
For a Grass-Girl, or some odd homely Joan?
What, but diversion? And so, I'm bid say,
He's in good hopes you'll not forejudge his Play.
But stay —— Let's see whom 'tis he must accost?
'Tis not the Wits he fears, they're ever just:
And for those, that can only carp, nor care
While they keep pushing, how themselves lie bare:
Those, that speak well of nothing, but their own,
And damn, or save, meerely for Faction:
Those, that bolt what they please, no matter how,
And carry't off not by their Brains, but Brow:
If any such are here, 'twere well they knew,
Rome's *greatest Wits, were the best natur'd too:*
But, if this will not do, he justly, thence
Brings his Appeal to you, the Men of Sense:
And if he must be pelted, begs this Boon;
Let him that has least Wit, throw the first Stone.

The

The Persons.

Montalto. A Noble *Genoese*, who had impair'd his Fortune in serving the Republick.

Grimaldi. One other Nobleman, his Friend, who (unknown to him) relieves his Estate.

Roderigo. A Devil disguis'd under that Name, and Person: His proper Name *Belphegor*: Given out for a *Spanish* Merchant, come from the *Indies*.

Fieschi. Nephew to *Grimaldi*; Gallant to *Imperia*.

Marone. An upstart Officer of St. *George's Bank*: Speaks evil, of Mankind; admires *Roderigo* for his Wealth, and vilifies *Montalto*.

Matheo. A Vineyard-Keeper.

Pansa. Servant to *Fiesthi*.

Don Hercio. A Bravo.

Crispo. } Two Puggs, Servants to *Roderigo*. *Crispo*, his
Mingo. } Vallet: *Mingo*, his Page.

Picaro. The common Executioner.

Portia. Wife to *Montalto*.

Imperia. Her Sister, Wife to *Roderigo*.

Julia. Niece to the Duke of *Genoa*: A *Damonaick*, possess'd by *Belphegor*.

Bianca. Woman to *Portia*.

Quartilla. *Matrona*, to *Imperia*.

Scintilla. Woman, to *Imperia*.

Servants. Officers. Watchmen. *Jews*. Women. *Belzebub*, and Puggs. Boys. Rabble.

SCENE, *Genoa*.

BELPHEGOR:

OR, THE

Marriage of the Devil.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A ſtately Room in Roderigo's *Houſe.*

Enter Roderigo, *followed by* Criſpo *and* Mingo.

Rod. WE Spirits, uncompounded Eſſences,
Not manacled, or immur'd with Walls of Fleſh;
We can dilate, condenſe, or limb our ſelves,
As like us beſt; aſſume what Colour, Shape
Or Size we pleaſe. And I have taken this;
My Servants, that—my Name below, *Belphegor*;
Here, *Roderigo.*—My Quality, a Merchant
Come from the *Indies.*—O moſt happy Lot!
Who would believe, that void and formleſs Maſs,
That fluid infinite, had e'er produc'd
Such an harmonious Order?—It ſtrikes Wonder
And Ecſtacy.— [*He turns to his Servants.*
And what think ye of this World? Is not this better than toaſting the Soals of your Feet?

Criſ. The Air, I muſt confeſs, is ſomewhat better — but for the People—— not a doit to chuſe.

Min. I fanſie 'em the worſt of the two; and more fond of the Place, than our ſelves.

Rod. Can ye blame 'em?—— They know what they are in this World, they know not what they may be in the next.

Criſ. Yet live here, as if they expected no other—— And ſo exquiſitely practis'd in Cheating one another, that the beſt of us is a meer Novice to 'em.

Min. Not a Skip-kennel, but gives you three Tricks for one.

Crif. And for their Maſters —— could you believe it, Sir, I met with a Signior t'other Night, moſt devoutly, with his Beads in one Hand, and the other in my Pocket.

Rod. Why didſt not beat him?

Crif. I did but challenge him for't, and the Rogue had the Impudence to kick me, for taxing a Perſon of his Honour.

Min. I believe both our aſſumed Bodies were damn'd Cowards, while they lived here; —— for my part, I had rather take ten kicks, than ſo much as look back to ſee who gave me one of 'em.

Rod. But ſure, the Women treat ye better?

Crif. As judge your ſelf —— it is not long ſince I had a concern with a Signiora; and juſt as I had ſtript, and was going to Bed to her, ſlip, went the Trap-door, and down dropt *Criſpo* into the Common-ſhore.

Min. And mine has given me ſuch a Remembrance of her Love, that, as Young ſoever as my Figure ſpeaks me, I can hardly ſpeak Knitting-needles, without endangering the Bridge of my Noſe —— And when I tax'd her for it, had the Impudence to ask me, how ſhe could give it, when ſhe ſtill kept it her ſelf? [Rod. *ſmiles.*

Rod. But how d'ye find Mankind in general?

Crif. Still ſlandering us — As drunk as a Devil — As mad as a Devil — As poor as a Devil — As dull as a Devil — And what not! — when yet, there's not ſo much difference between us, as would turn a pair of Scales.

Min. And then perpetually playing Faſt and Looſe with us — Ever and anon giving their Souls to the Devil; yet, at laſt, bequeathing them another Way, without the leaſt thought of the pre-conveyance to us. — And therefore, I beſeech ye, give me leave to return to my old Quarters.

Crif. Not forgetting thy Excellencies, poor *Criſpo*.

Rod. Villiachoes! —— And muſt ye throw up your Cards, when they play into your Hand? Peace — and be thankful — All this but makes our Game — Go — humour them — for we're reſtrain'd, and can do nothing without themſelves —— They hold the Candle to us — The Mud's their own; We only ſhake the Viol, and ſtir it up — and ſo — look out — and ſharp. —— [Exeunt Criſpo *and* Mingo.

Now to my own Affair —— [Rod. *takes out a Paper and reads.*

At the *Pandæmonium*, or Common-Council of the Infernal Lake — Preſent — *Lucifer*, *Abaddon*, *Belzebub*, and others, the High and Mighty Lords, Potentates, and Princes of the *Grand Abyſs* —— Whereas, upon taking our Yearly Audits, it has been obſerv'd, that the Souls of ſuch as arrive, generally agree, that their Wives ſent them — And whereas, the ſaid Board had formerly Ordered, That for the better diſcovery of the Truth thereof, ſome one of their Body (as by Lot it ſhould fall) repair to Earth —— And whereas the ſaid Lot

fell

fell to *Belphegor, Generaliſſimo* of the *Aſphaltick Lake* —— Reſolved, as followeth.

1. That the ſaid *Belphegor* forthwith take upon him that Province, and that a Million of Duccats be aſſign'd him; not as Advance, but his full Complement. —— *And well enough — no ill Encouragement.*

2. That for the better carrying on of the ſaid Service, Himſelf (and Two other Spirits aſſigned him as Servants) be at Liberty to aſſume, and actuate what Bodies, and ſettle in what Part of the World, ſhall like him beſt. —— *And I have don't.*

3. That upon his firſt Choice, of his Place of Reſidence, he immediately Marry a Wife, and live with her Ten Years (if poſſible) after which (pretending to die) that he return, and, upon his own Experience, make Affidavit, of the Pleaſures and Calamities of Marriage.— *And I have done that firſt.* —— *A deſperate Service, no doubt!* ——

[*He Smiles.*

4. That he loſe all Qualities of a Spirit (unleſs, perhaps, upon ſome laſt Exigence) and become in all things as a Man; ſubject to all the Conditions of Humanity,— Poverty, Impriſonment, Paſſions, Fear, Hate, Love. ——

Were there Ten Thouſand more, that ſweetned all.
Love! —— There's no Paſſion, but what's founded on't:
Men Fear, for what they Love — Deſire, Hate, Envy,
And all, becauſe they Love themſelves. — But mine
Carries a nobler Tincture; and I Love
To that Degree, I've half forgot the Sex. [*He changes his Voice.*
And, but that ſhe has little odd Humours, and perhaps too, ſome Fits of her Mother; O *Origen!* I'd releaſe thy Kindneſs, and never accept other Heaven, than here.
But ſee! —— She comes! [Imperia *and Attendants croſs the Stage, as conducting her Siſter* Portia *to her Coach —— They bow at diſtance —— He points after her.*

Such was the Infant-Morn, when it firſt brake
And bluſh'd, to ſee the *Chaos* left behind her.
Thence I felt Paſſion firſt — What elſe I view'd
Wrought in my Mind no Change, no fond Deſire:
But there, I am tranſported. —— I, that was
High Proof 'gainſt all things elſe, There, there alone,
Weak, for to me, whate'er ſhe Wills is Fate. [Imp. *returns, ſola. He runs to her.*

Sure Nature was aſleep when thou ſtol'ſt forth,
And all the Graces ſhe deſign'd an Age,
Crowded themſelves together, and made thee.

Imp. And are not you a fine Gentleman, to coax your poor Wife? — Alas, poor Fool! ſhe cannot chuſe but believe ye.

Rod. Couldſt thou but ſee my Heart, thou wouldſt.

Imp. You can't Diſſemble —— not you —— you are —— *Mary*, that you are —— [*She ſtroaks him.*

Rod. At leaſt would be, whate'er I thought might pleaſe thee: And were the World at my diſpoſe, 'twere thine.

Imp. No doubt of it —— Witneſs the Necklace.

Rod. I had forgot ——

Imp. And ſo you do every thing that concerns me.

Rod. See — I have brought thee a better. [*He gives her a Necklace.*

Imp. But I long'd for t'other — The Set of *Neapolitan* Horſes too — But I'm your Wife —— There —— [*She throws it away*] 'Pray' beſtow it where you intended it —— I cou'd obſerve that Eye of yours, as my Siſter paſt you. [*He offers to Embrace her —— She turns him off.*

Rod. Fie, my *Imperia*, fie — Wilt thou be always thus?

Imp. And much you care, whether I am or not —— One would think a Woman of my Quality ——— [*She puts Finger in Eye.*] I know not why ſo many good Women die; —— but wiſh I were dead too, that I might trouble you no longer.

Rod. No — I'll die firſt, that thou mayſt have another.

Imp. No marvel, truly — I live ſo well with you.

Rod. She cry's! — By Heaven, ſhe cry's! — Poor Innocence! — My Life! — My Soul! — My *Imperia*! —— Thou ſhalt have any thing; —— We'll come to Articles.

Imp. And long you'll keep 'em.

Rod. By this Kiſs — for ever. [*She receives it, ſtill ſobbing.*

Imp. And ſhall I have the Necklace I long'd for? [*Sobs.*

Rod. Thou ſhalt, my Dear.

Imp. The Set of Horſes too? [*Sobs.*

Rod. I would they were better for thy Sake. — Thou ſhalt.

Imp. The broach of Diamonds would be very becoming, — and the Locket, — [*a half ſob*] now 'twas ſo pretty.

Rod. That, and whatever elſe thou wilt.

Imp. The Pearl too —— Were large, round, Oriental —— and the Pendants — ſo delicate — I fanſie how I ſhould appear in them. [*She comes into a pleaſant Humour.*

Rod. Leſs than thou truly art: — But thou ſhalt have 'em.

Imp. And — [*She ſtrokes him*] do what I will?

Rod. What pleaſes thee, ſha'n't be amiſs to me — only be kind, — and love thy *Roderigo*. [*They ſtrike hands upon it.*

Imp. A match, a match, — I will. [*Makes a low Reverence.* Exit.

Rod. Some techy Mortal now would have quarrell'd; but we, old Experienc'd Devils, know better things, —— [*He walks.* And live with her Ten Years (if poſſible.) —— Miſtaken Fools —— 'tis poſſible. —— I will live with her, —— and that, for ever. [*It Thunders. A Head riſes.*

Head. Thy Articles, *Belphegor*; thy Articles.

Rod. And

Rod. And what of them? —— The Caſuiſts are clear in the point; — They may be ſhifted for Advantage. —— Sue 'em.

Head. But is there not a Publick Faith, even among Devils?

Rod. It may be broke for Empire, why not for Love then, that commandeth Empire? It may, and ſhall —— Be gone.

Head. Be Witneſs, thou inviolable *Styx!*
Thou 'aſt broken thine; and I pronounce thee Mutinous. [*Sinks.*

Rod. That I could reach the Slave, —— I'd make him know,
I fill my Orb my ſelf, and make my Circle
Without a barrowed Light ——— [*Another Thunder.*
Squib on —— and ſay,
I am more proud in my *Imperia's* Love,
Than when (as Thunder-proof) I once beſtrid
That vaſt Convex of Fire; and leading up
The embattled *Legions* of *Apoſtate Cherubs*,
Plow'd the Parch'd Earth, and made th'affrighted Deep
Shrink to its laſt Receſs.

Enter Imperia *running.*

Imp. O my Dear, heard you not the Thunder? I'm ſo afraid.—

Rod. Of what? of thy own Shadow?

Imp. How can you be alone?

Rod. Yet, meditating on thee —— That very Thought were Company enough.

Imp. O, but confeſs; you look as you were diſturb'd.

Rod. And thou ſo near? Impoſſible. — Or were it ſo,
The Sight of thee would reconcile my Paſſions,
And give me to my ſelf. [*She ſtrokes him.*

Imp. But won't you tell me true? Are you not well?

Rod. How can that Man be Ill, that's Happy enough
To pity *Ceſar?* And ſuch am I in thee. [*He Embraces her.*
Here will I fix my Empire —— Here I'll Reign,
And Reign alone. [*He leads her off.* Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A ſtately Room in* Grimaldi's *Houſe.*

Enter Grimaldi, Marone, Fieſchi, Panſa.

Gri. YOU cannot ſay, but that he paid you honeſtly.

Mar. I wiſh I could ſay, I were as well ſatisfy'd. —— I never found ſuch honeſt Payments rais'd an Eſtate; —— if ever I deal more on ſingle Intereſt, may I loſe my Principal.

Gri. Who'd have expected even that, at leaſt, taken it from one ſo honourable,

honourable, that has periſh'd his own Fortune, to ſave the Publick.

Mar. Theſe honourable Rags are ſuch fine Things! — how, I pray', do you find the price currant? Does the Frippery deal in ſuch Lumber? — I think not. —— Good Sir, keep your whipt-poſſet for your better Friends, and give me, more ſubſtantial Fare.

Fief. His Vertue, might deſerve better Language; and it may be a Queſtion, if it had not been for him, Whether the State had been —— at leaſt, what it now is.

Gri. And true. —— When the Sun could hold no longer, and the Moon ſlept, his Eyes have been our Sentinels.

Mar. But what Money has he got with all this? Or what Share in the Government? —— Simple Merit Lords few Mens *Horoſcope*.

Gri. Greater than both, — the Conſcience of Worthy Actions.

Mar. What Credit has it in the Bank? — for my part, I can boaſt I have kill'd mine. —— And, if you'd here me, cou'd ſhew you a Man has done nothing of all this, and yet, even the Senate will confeſs him Wiſe, Prudent, Virtuous, —— every thing. —— And, that he is not one of themſelves, I believe it more his own Fault, than theirs.

Gri. Who ſhould this be?

Mar. What think ye of his Brother-in-Law? —— *Roderigo*. —— There's a Man for ye! and, to my Glory, he calls me Friend.

Gri. But whence this Meteor?

Mar. Whence e'er he came, he darkens all our Stars:
You'd ſwear he were deſcended of the *Goths*,
Or had been at the Siege of *Conſtantinople*.

Gri. Some *Moor*, or Baptiz'd *Jew*?

Mar. Be what he will,
Turk, *Pagan*, or *Infidel*, wou'd I'd his Wealth
With his Religion. —— He's a *Caſtilian*.
Were I that Man!

Fief. You'd take't for an Affront
His Catholick Majeſty ſhould call you Couſin.

Mar. And yet you hear me not complain.— I've that
Which finds me Friends, or makes 'em.— That one Thing
That can do all Things.— How it makes a Door ——
Or ſhut, or open.

Fief. Or your ſelf (perhaps)
Snore o'er your Cup, or find a Fly i'th' Ceiling.

Mar. That matters not; — I'm ſure it breeds Compunction,
And Fellow-feeling in a Man of Office;
Makes, and remits Offences; — even Juſtice,
More Deaf than ſhe is Blind. — And who would want it?

Gri. That would *Grimaldi*, and every Man, whoſe Soul
Is not compos'd of the ſame Dirt he treads.
Want it, (I mean) rather than have't, on terms
Diſhonourable, or Sordid.

Mar. But

Mar. But d'ye think
Any ones Morals can reform the World?
Don't they all thus? And, which is more, Court, Follow,
Adore the Rich, and ſpurn the Unfortunate.

Gri. And I as much the World.

Mar. But ſay, that World
Spurn you agen. — Did ever wiſe Man chuſe
Him for a Friend, that was depreſt by Fortune?
Rats quit a falling Houſe — and Men, a Party,
When they perceive it going.

Gri. Where's Honeſty and Honour, all this while?

Mar. Nay, if you come to that, farewel Kingdoms.
Nor is it mine to Queſtion 'em. —— Your Servant. [*Exit Mar.*

Gri. Well, *Fieſchi*, — and what thinkſt thou?

Fieſ. As is his Name, ſuch is the Slave himſelf:
Who'd expect other from a Dog, but Snarling?

Gri. His Soul is Sence; and as he has no Knowledge of Vertue, he has no uſe of it. — But how have you diſpos'd *Montalto*'s Matter? Is it ſo order'd, that it be not known from what Hand it came?

Fieſ. 'Twas the laſt thing I did. — I left the Writings in a ſeal'd Box, with *Bianca*, who has aſſur'd me, ſhe'll watch an opportunity, and convey it into her Ladies Cloſet.

Gri. As well as I could wiſh. — Good Man!
He could have ſooner Periſh'd, than told me,
Told me, his Friend, he wanted me. — Who ſees
His Friend's Diſtreſs, and ſtays till he's entreated,
He comes too late. — 'Tis an Extorted Kindneſs;
Loſt ere it comes, and ſhews he wanted Will
T'ave done't at all. —— But, this *Marone* ſticks in my Stomach. —
Whence truly is he?

Fieſ. Panſa (I think) remembers the firſt Plantation.

Pan. That do I, Sir, from the time he firſt came to Town in Second-Mourning; — that is, in a Livery as ragged and tatter'd as an He-Goat; — his Hat, right Beggars-block, no Crown to't; — his Doublet and Breeches ſo ſuitable, that in a dark Morning, he'd have miſtaken one for t'other; — his Stockings, without Feet or Anckles, like a Chandler's drawing-ſleeves; and thoſe too he durſt not truſt off his Legs, for fear of crawling away. — In a word, a Thing made up of ſo many ſeveral Pariſhes, that you'd have taken him, at firſt ſight, for a Frontiſpiece of the Reſurrection.

Fieſ. Thence, he came in as a Sub-ſubcollector; and thence, into St *George*'s Bank; and now, being in his Nature inſolent, this imaginary Reputation has made him intolerable.

Gri. And for his other Qualities, I know ſomewhat my ſelf: — He never forgave beyond the Opportunity of a Revenge; or ſpake well of

any

any Man, but to his greater Diſadvantage. — A pretty Gentleman. — But — 'tis pity. ——

Fief. Nay worſe, ſhall play both the Devil's Parts, of Tempter and Accuſer: Provoke his Friend into a freedom of Talk, and then inform it.

Gri. Enough —— And for fear of any miſtake, make another ſtep to *Bincaa.* [*Exeunt Fief.* and *Pan.* Manet *Gri.*

And this Man thrive! — O *Lucian* thy Gods! — The Groans of depreſt Vertue, and loud Laughters of exalted Folly, gave firſt name to the Fortunate Iſlands, where Men ſlept themſelves away in the melancholy Contemplations, between Vertue and Succeſs.

To him enter Montalto *and* Portia.

You have prevented me — I was juſt coming
To give you joy. — The Senate have, at laſt,
Conſider'd your Services.

Mon. And ſent me a Gugaw, [Mon. *takes out a Chain and Medal, and ſhews it.*
An empty Nothing — Pth —

Gri. 'Twas never intended
Beyond a Mark of Honour, and a Pledge
Of future Kindneſs.

Mon. He's a Beaſt that ſerves
A Commonwealth; for when he has ſpent his Blood,
And ſunk his Fortune, to ſupport the Pride
And Luxury of thoſe few that Cheat the reſt,
He ſtreight becomes the Object of their Scorn
Or Jealouſie.

Gri. How odly my Friend argues
Againſt himſelf. — Have you not ſerved the State
Theſe Twenty Years? And can you think it Wiſdom
To quarrel now? Or now, when reaſonably
You might expect the Fruit of all your Hazards,
Arm them againſt you? —— Vertue, Merit, Worth,
Ne'er wanted Enemies; make not you more.

Mon. When they behold themſelves through their falſe Opticks,
They ſwell a Gnat into an Elephant;
When others, — how they turn the Glaſs, and leſſen
A Mountain to a Mole-hill.

Gri. Are you the only Man has been ſo ſerv'd?
Who deſerv'd better for a Law-giver,
Than *Solon?* Or Captain, than *Thraſibulus?*
Or Orator, than *Demoſthenes?* Yet *Athens,*
Ungrateful *Athens,* baniſh'd the two firſt,
And ſlew the latter. — Unto whom ow'd *Rome*

More

More, than to *Manlius*; who, when her *Capitol*
Was grown too hot for *Jupiter*, preſerved it?
Or what might not *Camillus* have pretence to,
Who, when ſhe was reduc'd to her laſt Stake,
Puſh'd it, and won it? — What ſhould I mention
Rutilius, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*, *Themiſtocles*,
Men, famous in their Ages? Yet they fell:
Fell, where they moſt deſerv'd.

Mon. How my Blood curdles at it! And me-thinks,
I feel a kind of Curriſhneſs, ſhot through me;
And want no property of a Dog, but fawning,
Tho' neceſſary to a riſing Man.

Por. Is this that Fortitude, my *Montalto*?
This, that heroick Vertue you taught me?
Sure, 'tis not the *Montalto* I have ſeen,
When Victory ſate perching on his Helm;
Or that *Montalto*, when Oppreſt by Numbers
He loſt the Day, and yet brought Home more Glory,
Than if he had been Conqueror: Yet ſtill,
Still the ſame even Temper; Unconcern'd
At Loſs, or Vict'ry.

Mon. Wou'd it not heat a Man,
To view his Wounds, which, like ſo many Mouths,
Speak out his Wrongs the lowder? t'ave conſum'd
Himſelf, to warm Ingratitude?

Por. The Fruit
Of worthy Actions, is, to have done 'em;
And every Man, that will, may give't himſelf.

Mon. How can I ſtand my Breaſt, againſt a Torrent
Of adverſe Fortune?

Por. 'Tis your greater Glory,
To ſtem that Flood. — How 're you beholding to her,
That ſhe cou'd paſs the Heard, and ſingle you,
To Combate her?

Mon. But ſhe has cut my Sinews.

Por. The more your Honour: — I have heard you ſay,
That a *Roman*, was more Glorious in his ſcorch'd,
Than armed Hand. — Do not diſtruſt your ſelf,
And you muſt Conquer her. — The Conſtant Man
Is Maſter of himſelf and Fortune too.

Mon. Bleſs me! — Thou glorious Woman, never made
Of common Earth! — I am concern'd for thee.

Por. To the World's Fondlings, be their World, — with me,
My own *Montalt*' out-weighs the Apparition,
The Airy Dream, which, when they think a Subſtance,

Graſp at it, they awake, and find it nothing:
Sure, had it any thing worthy our Love,
It were a mind that can contemn it.
Gri. Brave Woman!
And who might'ſt bring Philoſophy to manners.
Por. If you call this Philoſophy, 'tis what
Its firſt Inventers meant it, ere our Pedants
Had made it, rather difficult, than great.
Come, my *Montalto*, come; and let th'Example
Of others Virtue, now, engage your own;
Their Glory, your imitation.
Mon. Thou haſt o'ercome my, *Portia*—and I'll try
If that Content, the larger World denies,
May be found in our ſelves. — Even Poverty,
If it can be content, has loſt its Name.
He never has enough that gapes for more;
Opinion was never Rich, nor Content Poor.
Gri. Now how I love this rugged Honeſty!
Like the firſt Matter, 't'as all the Seeds of Good,
Only wants Form and Order. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The firſt Scene agen.*

Enter Quartilla, Scintilla.

Qua. BElieve me, our *Signiora* has manag'd her Affair; and (if I underſtand any thing of the World) well.
Scin. As how? 'Pray' inſtruct me againſt the good Time.
Qua. Sh'as brought my Don on's Knees; — 'tis all now, as ſhe'll have it.
Scin. That all! — a mighty Buſineſs! — Ha'n't they been married two Years? — And does not he Love her? — And ſhe know it? — Few Women but would have done as much. — Beſides, (and 'tis every days Experience) even the wiſeſt Men, when they once come to Love in earneſt, turn generally half-witted.
Qua. You are to be inſtructed indeed, *Scintilla.* — He is good natur'd, and does Love her. — But there are a many ſtubborn Fools in the World; and a Woman need have all her Wits about her, to keep her own. — But to get ground! — I know it may be done, but not ſo eaſie.
Scin. I warrant ye — do but bring him to the right manage at firſt; humour him in every thing, you can't hinder, and the reſt follows; — 'tis not the point whether ſhe Loves, but whether he believes ſo. — There's your Art, to get him play himſelf into the Nooze, and be proud of't too.
Qua. Well,

Qua. Well, well the World is ſtrangely alter'd ſince my time; — Young Girls then were not wont to be ſo knowing, — but now, they are even able to teach us.

Enter Panſa.

Pan. Now Grannum, — and my pretty Convenience.

Qua. Grannum, with a Murrain t'ye! [Panſa *coils* Scintilla. Nothing down with you, but Squab-Pigeons; — a likely Fellow, if a Woman durſt him — But Men now a-days are ſo deceitful — [*Aſide.*

Scin. Get ye to *Bianca* — I'll tell her — you do ſo mouſle one.

Qua. Fie, Signior *Panſa*, fie; — is there no more, but fall on, without ſo much as a ſhort Grace: I'm ſure it was not ſo ——

Pan. The Year you loſt your Maiden-head; — and that was ſo long ſince, you have by this time forgotten you ever had one.

Qua. Away, Knave, — away.

Scin. Yet ſhe'll not turn her Back to you now.

Qua. Nor a better than himſelf.

Pan. No anger, I beſeech ye —— After the dull rate Men made Love formerly, I ſhould look upon a Petticoat, as one of the moſt defenſible Spots in Chriſtendom — So many Scarfes, Curtains, Portculliſes, Counterworks, and what not; but now, that we'ave a ſhorter cut, of Surprize, Sapping, down-right Storm, or Springing a Mine; up goes Scarfe, Curtain, Portcullis —— And hey da.

Scin. Well, *Panſa*, thou'lt never break thy Heart for Love.

Pan. Love! — 'tis a kind of Cholick; — as long as ye keep it under Girdle, ye may linger on with't, and well enough; but if it once get Breaſt-high, the whole Maſs is infected, and I can only ſay (as Phyſicians of their dying Patients) his Time is come; cover him up, and ſend for a Parſon.

Enter Bianca.

Qua. Come, *Scintilla*, — 'tis as thou ſaidſt, — here ſhe comes, — he's a filthy Man, — e'en leave 'em together. [*Exeunt* Qua. Scin.

Pan. B'w'ye Grannum — And now, my beſt Girl — Thou haſt not forgot, I hope.

Bian. I wiſh I had. — My Lady was Abroad this Afternoon, and I laid the Box as you directed; — but when ſhe came forth, ſhe gave me ſuch a Look, — ask'd me, who had been there, — and particularly named your Maſter.

Pan. Never the worſe, — ſhe could not have done leſs. — But thou hadſt the Grace to deny all?

Bian. D'ye take me for a Fool? — But this I told her, — A Gentleman, I never ſaw before, brought it, and pray'd me to lay it in her

Closet, as I had done; and I hop'd, without Offence;—if otherwise,—I was sorry.

Pan. And that clear'd all agen?

Bian. Quite contrary,—I saw Fire in her Eyes,—yet trembled, and could hardly speak;—at last, she commanded me to find you out,—and that you let your Master know, she must speak with him.

Pan. Must?—my She Secretary.

Bian. Yes, must—and out of hand.—And if I lose my Place by the Bargain, I have spun a fine Thread.

Pan. Fear nothing:—Or if thou shouldst, my Master's a Gentleman, and my Bed will hold two.

Bian. You Men consider nothing.

Pan. And you Women too much.—I tell thee, my Master, the Knight, shall make his Amour to thy Lady the Princess, while I *Pansa* the Squire, put it in Practice with thee, *Bianca*, the Dam'sel.

Bian. Well now, and that's so fine——But when will ye bring me some of those Books.—Beshrew me, but I should have broke my Heart long ere this, if 'twere not for 'em.

Pan. Thou shalt have any thing; my Heart, my all.

Bian. 'Tis not the first time you told me so.—I—But——

Pan. D'ye think I am bound to find ye fresh Oathes every time?

Bian. When shall I see ye at our House?

Pan. To morrow, without fail.—And is not this better than putting all to the last?—And what's that, but singing a Psalm under the Gallows?

Bian. But be sure now;—and, find out your Master presently, and send him to my Lady.

Pan. Doubt not of either—— [*Exit* Bianca.] 'tis the best humour'd thing;—a jolly Pug, and well-mouth'd,—none of the first or second Rate, I must confess.—He that sees her by Day, would hardly break his Neck to come at her by Night.—However she's good Merchantable Ware, and well Condition'd; and (how shy soever she now and then makes it) serves my turn, when a better's out of the way.

[*Exit.* Pansa.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The first Scene agen.

Enter Roderigo, solus.

Rod. MY private Instructions were to pervert, and enlarge the Kingdom of Darkness: Nor have I been Idle. — I thought *Marone* might have given me some pains; but he was mine at first, and has engaged to me, for his Brothers of the Bank. — But this *Montalto*, — I much doubt, or rather fear him.

Enter Marone.

My Friend! — welcom my better half, — we're now concern'd, Body, Soul, Interest.

Mar. And when I fail ye, I'll turn a new Leaf, and build Hospitals. — But, what progress have ye made with *Montalto?*

Rod. He's rugged, and will neither lead nor drive, but his own way; and therefore I question, whether we had not better let him alone.

Mar. But he is poor and lofty, — despair him not. — This Gold! — 'twill make a Man do any thing. — I never yet found Man or Woman that withstood it long.

Rod. I wou'd you'd feel his pulse, and I'll advance the money.

Mar. That shall be least in the Case. — And I'd willingly undertake it, but that (as you know) there's no kindness between us: And for me (but so much as to appear in it) may render it suspected; — whereas from you, — his Brother-in-Law, — his Friend, — it can't but pass.

Rod. I yield. — It shall be so.

Mar. Then, if you find him cold, I'll discover it my self. — Tell me of's Vertue! — A Rattle for Children; — I hate it perfectly, — and him for it. — Why should any man pretend to more than comes to his share?

Rod. Now let me hug my *Genius!* — and whom I love so well, that were I not sped already, I'd go no farther than your Family.

Mar. Between our selves, — give her a Fig, — and see if I don't fit ye, to your Wish.

Rod. O by no means, — you run too fast.

Mar. You need not be asham'd of her, — we are descended from *Marius*, and have had some Crown'd Heads of the House; tho', I confess it, somewhat long since they have had any Sceptre in their Hands.

Rod. I judge it by your self.

Mar. Nor,

Mar. Nor, to tell ye Truth, can every Man ſay ſo much; or wou'd perhaps, be willing to hear all that may be ſaid of his; and that's the Reaſon, why ſo many of the Ancients were deſcended from the Gods: For, when their Birth was ſo obſcure, that they were aſham'd to own it, the Jade the Mother, or ſome blind Poet, found out a God, to Father the Baſtard. — What, I pray', were *Bacchus*, *Hercules*, *Romulus*, and ſeveral others? — Story Lyes, or their Fathers were of the doubtful Gender, and their Mothers of the Common. — But this, by the by. — And, becauſe I hear ſome Body coming, I'll withdraw, for fear it happen to be *Montalto*. [*Exit* Marone.

Rod. Devils, do they call us! — Poor Devils, where have we been bred! — This one *Marone* may ſhame us all; and had I done no more, is worth my Journey.

Enter Montalto.

Health, and his own Wiſhes, to my Brother.

Mon. The ſame, and more, (were't poſſible) to you.

Rod. But I'm half angry, — angry with my ſelf,
That this Alliance, is not yet made Friendſhip.

Mon. No Man ſhall court it more. — And ſuch a one,
As loves the Man, and not his Fortune —— Such,
As can hide any thing, but his Love —— And whoſe
Miſtakes, ſhall be of weakneſs, not deſign.

Rod. Now how you ſpeak, my Soul! — This empty World,
Is hollow, — falſe, — ungrateful, — And Men live
As if 'twere made for them, they, for themſelves.

Mon. 'Twas ever ſo.

Rod. Witneſs, thoſe mangled Officers,
Maim'd Souldiers, wooden-legg'd Artillery-men,
Spies, and Intelligencers out at Heels.
Some, ſhewing their Wounds; — others, numbring the Battles they have been in, and the Eſtates they have loſt. —— Some, muttering Libels; — others, modelling a Reformation; — and not the leaſt part of them, ſtudying where to get a meal upon Reputation.

Mon. And yet, there's not a private Souldier, but glories in his Wounds, as having received them in Defence of his Country.

Rod. And no doubt but they call 'em, Worthy Deeds. — But I ſay, they are Deeds worthy of Repentance; and ſuch are all Services paid to the Ungrateful. —— To go no further than your ſelf, — What have you got by all yours?

Mon. The ſatisfaction, of having done what I ought. —— Vertue, is Theatre enough unto her ſelf.

Rod. You have ſaid well, and worthily. — And becauſe, he that is pleaſed with anothers good, encreaſes his own. —— Give me leave, Brother,

Brother, and now Friend, to propoſe to you, an honourable Advantage —— [Montalto *bows to him.*
But it requires ſecrecy, – and I muſt have your word for't.

Mon. I know not what it may be.

Rod. You're at your Liberty, if you don't like it.

Mon. You have my word. [Imperia *is ſeen peeping in.*

Rod. Then thus, —— There is a Prince, whoſe Name muſt be as yet conceal'd, is ſo ſenſible of your Merit, and this Republick's Ingratitude, that he has order'd ye Ten thouſand Piſtoles, as a ſmall Pledge of his future Favour; —— and I'll advance the Money. [Mont. *ſtarts.*

Mon. Ten Thouſand Piſtols! — and from a Prince unknown! — and what muſt I do for all this?

Rod. Kings have their Reaſons to themſelves, too deep for private Men to fathom. —— Who knows, but he may have a deſign upon *Italy.* —— This — or ſome other place; —— and, which is further in my Inſtructions, — has pitcht on you, as General for the Expedition.

Mon. How are you ſure it has not taken wind?

Rod. Not a Man on this ſide the *Alps*, knows it beſides our ſelves.

Mon. Or that your King will keep his Word, more than *Genoa* has hers?

Rod. I have the money in the Houſe. —— He's coming. [*Aſide.*

Mon. But is not this to betray my Country?

Rod. Give it another Name, and do't. —— Who ever ſcrupled a ſafe Revenge? —— Succeſs, will call it Juſtice.

Mon. Upon my Country?

Rod. But, Ungrateful Country. — That only is my Country, where I am well. —— And, what think you?

Mon. That you have ſaid too much for me to hear.
I lend a Hand to Slave my Country! —— No;
That won't *Montalt*', the diſoblig'd *Montalt*';
Vertue forbid the Thought. —— Tho' ſhe may 've loſt
Th' affection of a Mother, ſhe's my Mother:
And as ſhe bears that Name, I muſt, and will
Support her, or lie buried in her Ruines.

Rod. Howe'er, I doubt not but I'm ſafe; —— your Word,
(The great Credential of Mankind) ſecures me.

Mon. Unlawful Promiſes oblige to nothing,
But a Repentance. —— And to keep mine, here,
Wou'd be a double Crime; and break thoſe Laws
Of Piety, and Faith, my Country claims.

Rod. Country! – A Thing of Chance, no Choice of yours:
Your Mother might have dropt ye any where: —— But if
You break your Word, you violate your Honour;
And that's your own.

Mon. Periſh for me, that Honour;

Life,

Life, Eſtate, every thing, ſo ſhe be ſafe:
And ſo —— my Siſter-in-Law's Husband, no more Friend,
I'll not reſolve ye what I'll do. —— But know,
'Twas not within my Word, not to prevent ye. [*Exit.*

Rod. Bubbled! —— by this good Light, merely bubbled! —— and, when (one wou'd have thought) I had him, all to nothing. —— Sure, ſure, our Maſters lie under a great miſtake; and Mankind were once the ancienter Devils, and invented that Sham, of their Wives ſending them, only to frighten us, from vent'ring among them. ——

Enter Imperia.

——I hope ſhe did not hear me.

Imp. And what (if I may be ſo bold) have my Wife Brother-in-Law and you, been projecting? —— When d'ye ſet out?

Rod. For what? (my Dear) or whither?

Imp. Why — for the *Indies*, in a Cock-boat; —— or *France*, on a Millſtone. —— I hope you'll go by the *North-Weſt* Paſſage, and take a Bait by the way, to hear the Meremaids ſing? —— Your Friend, my Siſter's Husband, wou'd make a ſpecial General for the Expedition. —— Ten Thouſand Piſtoles will do no hurt; —— you have it in the Houſe, and may advance it.

Rod. Betray'd too! — [*Aſide.*] But why this to me? — 'Pr'ythee, my Dear. ——

Imp. Methinks you're very Familiar. —— [*She turns him off.*

Rod. Nay, — my beſt Wife, — do but hear me.

Imp. Wife,— *Mary*! — You think I cannot read your Thoughts in your Looks. —— You muſt be plotting, muſt ye!

Rod. If to raiſe thee to *Grandeur*, be ploting, I'm guilty. —— One ſucceſsful Work *Al-a-mode*, is a ſurer Game, than a Thouſand good Works.

Imp. I ſmell your Deſign, — it is to ruine me. —— I was once told by a Cunning Woman, beggary would be my End; ——and you take the way to't.

Rod. I have enough, —— ne'er fear it.

Imp. Yes, — and are free enough of it, to every one but me; —— and there —— it goes from your Heart.

Rod. Thou know'ſt the contrary; it is but ask and have. —— Doſt want any thing?

Imp. As if a Woman muſt have nothing, but what ſhe wants, and asks; —— my Family were never wont to ask.

Rod. And I've been kind to them, for your ſake. —— I have honourably beſtowed two of your Siſters.

Imp. They cou'd have don't themſelves.

Rod. Sent a Brother of yours into the *Levant*; —— another, for *France*; ——

France; — a third, into *Spain*; — and am now making Proviſion for a fourth. — So that, in effect, I have married a Tribe to Enjoy one.

Imp. Yes, — to twit me with it. ———

Enter Don Hircio.

O Signior! — that you had come a little ſooner. —— Our Spouſe and I have been at Jingle-jangle. —— He knows I love him, and that's the Reaſon.

Hir. Hough! — Jangle with you! — I hope, Sir, you did not lift a finger, if you had ——— [*He cocks his Hat, and ſtrutts.*

Imp. I'd giv'n him two for one. —— [*She points at him.*

Rod. And who arē you?

Hir. Soy hydalgo come Il Re! — My Name — *Don Hircio Zanzummim, Gogmagog*, lineally deſcended from the Dukes of *Infantado, Trinidado*, — or ſome Body elſe. —— And if you had! ———

Imp. No, — there was nothing like it. [Rod. *ſtartles.*

Hir. I only ſay, — if he had, — my Great, Great, Great, Great-Grandfather's Aſhes (his that gave the *Sultan* the Lye, and took the *Cham* of *Tartary* by the Whiskers Royal) would bluſh to ſee any of his Poſterity not true to Honour. —— You ſay he did not, — and I'm ſatisfied. — But if he had, — or durſt but offer't, — *Voto!*

Imp. Come, Signior, I'll be his Security, [Hir. *leads* Imp. *off.*

Rod. She has her Bravo too! —— Cowardly Devil that I was, not to draw upon him; yes, and fright my Wife, — who (which is ſome ſign of Love) did not aggravate it. —— Well, — go thy ways, — thou haſt thy Frolicks; —— yet it ſhall go hard, but I will hit thy Humour. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A noble Room in* Montalto's *Houſe.*

Enter Portia, ſola.

Por. MY Husband is convinc'd, and ſo am I,
The Action, in all its Circumſtances,
Muſt be *Grimald*'s; for't can be none's but his;
And yet I'm rack'd between the two Extreams,
Of Friendſhip to him, and my juſt Reſentments
To his falſe Nephew. —— All unknown to us,
The Generous *Grimaldi* has reſtor'd
My Husband's Fortune: His degenerous Nephew
Has taken this occaſion, to renew
Enter Fieſchi, *as at a ſtand, and gazing on her.*
His long rejected Love.

Fief. Her Vertue ſure
Has wrought Impoſſibilities, and added
New Graces to her Perſon, — as if Infinity,
Cou'd be encreaſt.

Por. I ſent for ye, *Fieſchi*;
But it had been more honourable in you,
Not to have giv'n me cauſe. — Your worthy Uncle
Has, to his frequent Obligations,
Added a freſh —— I need not tell ye what.

Fief. And 'tis his ſatisfaction, that he wanted
Neither the Will, nor Means of doing it.

Por. Debts are diſcharg'd with Payment. — Benefits,
Pay what we can, there will be ſtill Arrear.
But, — for his Nephew to profane that Friendſhip,
I could be angry — verily I could,
And wou'd, were't not to make an others ill
My own affliction.

Fief. Blame your Vertue then,
Montalto lov'd it. —— And the ſelf-ſame cauſe
That abſolves him, abſolves *Fieſchi* too.
He reſted not in Speculation only;
And ſhall I turn Philoſopher?

Por. I'm his,
And only his; and therefore barr'd to you.

Fief. But Nature's free, and walks not by reſtraint;
But choice ——

Por. And I have mine. ——

Fief. She never Coin'd
Thoſe Bug-bear Words, of Honour, Jealouſie;
She ne'er impal'd free Woman; or deſign'd
A thing ſo Excellent for one's Embrace.

Por. Enough — When that I ever heard ye was as much
Againſt my will, as the concealing it
Againſt my Duty —— No — a Vertuous Woman
Takes no more Liberty than what ſhe ought.

Fief. At leaſt, blame Love, not me. —— I've often rais'd
Your great Idea in my Soul; and (as
A Diamond only cuts a Diamond)
Set your own Vertue 'gainſt your ſelf, — yet ſtill
Love gets the upper-ground, and pours upon me:
So weak a Fence is Vertue againſt Love.

Por. We ſtill excuſe our ſelves. — The fault lies not
In Vertue, but our Reſolutions;
Cou'd we once make our Actions work up
To our Intentions, the Work were done.

There ——

There —— take your idle whatſoever it be; [*She takes out a long white Box, and throws it toward him.*
I knew the hand too well, to open it.
Fief. And will you ſtill torment me with the ſight
Of a forbidden Good?
Por. Not good to you,
Becauſe forbidden. —— If you're wiſe, be gone.
Fief. You've ſaid it, and I obey. [*He is going off, as forgetting the Box; ſhe kicks it after him; he takes it up.* Exit.
Por. But take your Box wi'ye.
Sure I have done ſome Evil, and the Guilt
Sticks on my Brow. —— It muſt be ſo, — or he
Had never offer'd this Amour to me.
Be't what it will, this I'm ſure, my Will
Had nothing in't; — yet how poor and cheap
Do even the appearances of Evil make us.

Enter Grimaldi *and* Montalto *hand in hand.*

Mon. Your repeated Obligations
Deprive me of my Liberty.
Gri. In exchange, take mine.
Por. The only Injury you ever did us:
For it has put us on the Neceſſity
Of living and dying Ungrateful.
Mon. A Benefit too great to be receiv'd.
Gri. Not for a Friend to give. ——
Mon. But what return
Cou'd ye propoſe?
Gri. 'Thas overpaid it ſelf.
To have done well, in hopes of a return,
Is the moſt ſordid Uſury. —— Allay
Does but embaſe the Coin; — and ſuch a thought
Had derogated from the Majeſty
Of Friendſhip, and been Intereſt. ——
Mon. But does not
Equality make the laſting Friendſhip?
Gri. Of Minds, I grant it. —— Friendſhip cannot ſtand
With Vice or Infamy. —— Degenerous mixtures
Seldom out-live the Birth. —— And as ours was
Founded on Vertue (like a true-built Arch)
May it grow up, until it knit at Top,
And bid Defiance to the Shocks of Fortune.
Por. Thus you o'ercome us every way. ——
Mon. Teach me, ——

What 'tis to be a Friend; —— one, without whom,
As a Man can't be happy, 'tis not his leaſt
Unhappineſs, he never knows his Friend,
But by being Unhappy himſelf. —— A Friend!
My earthly God! ——

Gri. As you are mine, no more.
Come, let's enjoy this Salt of Life, —— this All,
That gives it reliſh, and without which, Life
Were but a dull Parentheſis of Time;
The World a Wilderneſs, and Man the Beaſt.
I've wanted Company in a Crowd —— Bleſt Friendſhip!
Thou Girdle of the World! —— Had I been Heathen,
I'd Sacrific'd unto no other Goddeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Firſt Scene agen.*

Enter Imperia, Quartilla, Scintilla.

Imp. TO ſay otherwiſe, were to belye him; — and, as all Men have their Faults, the worſt of his, that I know, is, that he loves me too well.

Scin. And ſuch a Fault may be eaſily born with.

Quar. Thou'rt a meer Chicken, Girl; —— there may be as great a miſtake in loving a Woman too well, as in loving her too little. — What wou'd I care for a Man ſhould court my little Finger, look Babies in my Eyes, ſit and admire me: —— That was not the Faſhion of my time. —— Men were Men then.

Imp. And there too, he's likely enough. —— Truſs and well-knit. — But why this to me?

Quar. Your Ladiſhip was wont to allow us this harmleſs Freedom.

Imp. Or, if I don't, you'll take it.

Quar. Without Offence then —— What Diverſion have ye?

Imp. As pleaſes my Husband; —— and I have neither Eye nor Ear to any thing elſe.

Scin. And a Friend wou'd ſtudy as much to pleaſe you.

Imp. I ſhou'd think one Husband were enough for any modeſt Woman. —— Are there naughty Women?

Quar. *Mary* forbid it! —— Or that they ſhould not be content with one Eye, one Hand, one Leg.

Imp. But one's Husband tho', is the beſt Friend.

Quar. And the worſt Company. —— Fie (Madam) you'll ruine the Sex, —— Husband, ſay ye! —— A meer Thing, —— a Cover-ſlut of Cuſtom.

Scin. Has not every Well two Buckets? —— Every Ship two Anchors? ——

chors? —— Or did you never ſee two Cocks cruckling about one Hen, and her, all the while picking of Straws, to make her own Neſt?

Quar. Well ſaid, my fine Girl! thou maiſt come to ſomething in time.

Imp. How theſe Jades hit my humour! — [*Aſide.*] O—But—wou'd a Woman! — a Vertuous Woman! — a Woman of Honour! ——

Quar. Do any thing, but ſay her Prayers.

Imp. Beſides —— the Injury. ——

Scin. To what? Or whom? —— You loſe nothing, ſell no houſhold Stuff, nor waſte goods.

Quar. Or if the main houſe fall, do but keep up the Dove-coat, and you'll ne'er want Pigeons, till ye damn up the Loover.

Imp. But you know I ſeldom go Abroad, and for me to receive Viſits, wou'd make my Husband Jealous.

Scin. That all! ——

Quar. Or can he be ſo ill-natur'd, as when his own Belly's full, to deny a Beggar his Leavings?

Imp. But People will be apt to talk of a Body.

Quar. For what? —— For going to Church! —— Can't you pretend a Vow of Devotion and Chaſtity, for three Days a Week?

Imp. And ſuppoſe he make the like for t'other four?

Scin. How willingly now wou'd ſhe be perſwaded into her own Deſires. —— [*Aſide.*] You're young,— and the Town's full.

Imp. You could not ſet-up then with Partridge and Quail, for the Year round?

Scin. No (by my Troth) cou'd I not; and yet I've but a paking Stomach.

Imp. There's ſomewhat in't. —— What's every thing we do, but a meer Circle of Variety, or *Grand Oleo*, diſht-up ſeveral ways to ſweeten the weariſomneſs of one Pleaſure by another? —— What's Imagination or Deſire, when once attain'd, but Surfeit? —— Fiſh of Four Days old — away with't.

Quar. Your Ladiſhip takes it very naturally. — Don't the Men ſay of us — Women — and Women — and more Women — but ſtill Women.

Imp. And ſhall Woman (Natures laſt hand, to ſhew what ſhe could do) ſhe alone walk by her ſelf? —— To one Dark-lanthorn? —— She ſhut her Windows to the Sun, to pore over a farthing Candle? —— Which of themſelves does it? —— And ſhall I ——

Scin. No (Madam) if the Men Ring the Changes, I know not why we mayn't ſhufle, and caſt Knaves agen?

Imp. Wellfare honeſt *Mahomet*! — We read of no Couples in his Paradiſe —— And yet — young, juicy Girls, plump — balmy — and never above Fifteen.

Quar. Beloved Fifteen!

Imp. And Eyes!

Scin. More ſparkling than the Diamond.

Imp. I

Imp. I thou'd have thought the Cows Eye better. —— A demure Look keep its own Counsel, and a little seeming Innocence cheats a Man into a Fondness. —— The sparkling Eye may hit a straggling Fool; but 'tis the melting, 'tis the dying Eye, that sweeps whole Ranks. —— Let's see— [*To* Scintilla.] set thine -- hold -- there -- there was a Look! -- so — that agen.

Enter Fieschi, *as consulting somewhat to himself.*

Fies. What? practising against the Ball? I fear me, I may have disturbed ye.

Imp. Not at all, unless it be with your new Gravity. —— But whence? whence this startch'd Face? or why? [*She beckons off* Quar. *and* Scin. *Exeunt.*

Fies. Besides my former Disappointments, it is not many hours since I left your Sister *Portia*. —— But the same Shaggreen still, — like the *Parthian*, she kills by flying.

Imp. Alas, poor *Fieschi!* —— thou'rt smitten: —— I thought how ye lov'd me, and have found it.

Fies. You wrong me; —— there's nothing might have taken in that sullen Fort, but I've attempted; — made all the Approaches, Love, back'd with Interest, could contrive, — but all in vain.

Imp. The Necklace cost me Twelve Hundred Duckats.

Fies. That you had seen, with what Scorn she kickt it after me.

Imp. That all! —— she shall have a better Jewel.

Fies. To as much purpose. —— A Rock is not more immovable.

Imp. Yet I have known a Rock blown up.

Fies. Her Vertue is as firm, as her Face charming.

Imp. Away ye Fool, — I have too many Charms of my own, to suspect another's; —— 'tis not her Beauty, but Vertue, quarrels me. —— That half-fac'd Vertue, that has its Faults as well as others, but a better way of hiding 'em.

Fies. Be't what it will, 'e as conquer'd me; and were't not for my prior Love to you, I must have doted on her.

Imp. False Man. —— And when I think upon the thing I'd Curse, I'll Name *Fieschi*. [*She seems to weep.*

Fies. Be merciful, and kill me, or forgive me. — I'll yet attempt her, — I will, — but — she's your Sister.

Imp. What's that to my command? —— Only conquer her, and wear my self, and Fortune. —— That Nature had made me a Man! — Consider, — I'll return instantly. [*Exit.*

Fies. If ever Man had a Wolfe by the Ears, I have one now. —— If I renew my Attempts on *Portia*, and carry her, I hazard the Friendship between my Uncle and *Montalto*! and if I don't, I lose *Imperia*. — Of all Devils, defend me from a Womans Devil!

[*Enter*

[*Enter* Imperia *with Bags of Gold in her Lap, and a Casket of Jewels in her Hand.*

Imp. There —— [*She drops the Bags, and gives him the Casket.* There's more Gold, and richer Jewels; — and, as a farther pledge, this, [*A Ring.*] and my Heart. —— Not yet resolv'd? —— Away. [*She strokes him.*

Fief. I was meditating some new Contrivance. — 'Tis done.

Imp. There spake my better Angel.

Fief. But say ——

Imp. More but's? —— Has she no She-friend, — no Woman — (and while I think on't, you may trust *Bianca*) your self no Wit, — or these no Rhetorick? [*Pointing to the Bags, &c.*

Fief. Once more, 'tis done as sure as Fate had seal'd it. —— And if *Pansa* has wrought up *Bianca*, as I once design'd it, you'll say't your self. [*He leads her off.*

SCENE IV. Montalto's *House.*

Enter Pansa, Bianca.

Pan. THey're all Abroad then?

Bian. Whether they are or not, you're out of hearing. —— But what does your Master mean by all this? —— I over-heard them, when he was last here; — but never let him look to come agen.

Pan. Not without thee, *Bianca.*

Bian. I've had enough of it already; — my Lady has not given me a good Look ever since.

Pan. Patience —— (my Beloved) Time and Patience ——

Bian. Will do no good with her. —— Besides you Men are so inconstant, — if ye had your Wish to day, you'd have another to morrow.

Pan. And are not you Women the same; — as fond of an old Sweetheart, as a brisk Widow of her third Husband.

Bian. E'en thank your selves that taught us.

Pan. Sick of every thing but a new Face.

Bian. Your own Picture to a Hair.

Pan. And so fickle, fickle, fickle, —— a Man knows not where to have ye.

Bian. Beshrew me now, but that's a Fib; — where to have you, 's the Question: —— Once fill your Belly, and ye drop off.

Pan. And there I must confess, you have the 'vantage, — you stick the closer. —— And perhaps, though I spake too soon, — what have we got here? [*He strokes her Stomacher.*

Bian. Nothing of your's, — I'll secure ye. —— I shall be married a *Tuesday* next.

Pan. Still,

Pan. Still my good merry Girl! —— But ſay he find it?

Bian. You Men think you have all the Wit; — but I can tell ye, ſome Women come two, three, four, and ſometimes five Months ſooner than ordinary of the firſt Child; — but for the reſt as right as others. — You're all for Nine Months at leaſt, but I have known a nimble Fellow, not married above Eight Weeks, and his Wife has brought him a couple, — and ſo like the Father too!

Pan. Still the ſame merry Rogue.

Bian. But hark ye tho', — where are the Books you promis'd me? — I can't ſleep for thinking of 'em.

Pan. And thou ſhalt have them in a day or two.

Bian. O! what a dainty thing it is, to ſee a Man here to day, and a Thouſand Miles off to morrow; — now Giants by the Waſte, conquer Armies, ov'r-run Kingdoms, and all for the Love of ſome diſtreſs'd Princeſs he never ſaw; whilſt ſhe (poor Lady) apprehending it by inſtinct, ſits bemoaning him in ſome Caſtle-Grate; and if ſhe can borrow ſo much leiſure from her Grief, Records his doughty Deeds to Poſterity, in Window-cuſhions and Coverlets.

Pan. And then, when over the Heads of Forty or Fifty Thouſand Men, all ſlain by his own Hand, he cuts his way to her Chamber, O! what Sighs, Looks, Half-words, and I know not what! till the Lord of the Caſtle, having reinforc'd his Guards, Surprizes him ere he can recover *Morglay*; and from his Lady's Arms conveys him to a Dungeon, where he's fed with nothing but Horſe-bisket and Puddle-water, till being fortunately releas'd by ſome Enchanter, his Friend, he's dropt in an unknown Deſart, whence, within Three Days, he becomes Maſter of a great Kingdom, and within Four more (by ſome private mark) proves the rightful Heir of't.

Bian. There were a Man for me! — I hate your Sots that turn Hermits, and can live Seven Years together on Nuts, Black-berries, and Acorns. — They Lovers! — O that I were a Man! that I might ha' been a Knight; or, being as I am, ſome little odd Princeſs.

Panſa. And I have much of thy humour about me; for never had any Man greater deſire of Wealth and Command than my ſelf, and that only to eat well, drink luſtick, care for nothing, and have my Flatterers as other Men. —— But come, *Bianca*, though I cannot make thee a Princeſs, I can put thee in the way, ſhall make thee as fine as a Princeſs. — Two Hundred Piſtoles would do no hurt, I take it.

Bian. Ay *Mary!* but where's the Money?

Pan. Thy Maſter now and then lies at his Country Houſe, and do thou but give my Maſter the opportunity of getting into your Lady's Apartment, ſome ſuch night, and I'll ſecure it thee.

Bian. To what purpoſe? — I'm ſure he will do no good.

Pan. Do thou thy part, he'll venture that; — Two Hundred Piſtoles is Money.

Bian. And

Bian. And truly (to ſpeak my Heart) I've often wonder'd how ſhe can be ſo unkind. [*She hugs him.*

Pan. Good Nature—— thou muſt; — and to let thee ſee he's in earneſt, he has ſent thee Fifty in hand. —— [*Gives her a Purſe.* Come, come, there are certain Critical minutes, when a Woman can deny nothing.

Bian. But ſhall I be ſure of the reſt?

Pan. If thou haſt it not, never truſt *Pauſa* more.

Bian. Well then, — you ſpeak in a lucky hour, for my Maſter goes out of Town to morrow, and an hundred to one, if he return that Night. —— Let your Maſter, and you, come about Midnight, and you'll find the Street-door unlock'd, and me, ready to receive ye. —— But be ſure now ——

Pan. That thou ſhou'dſt doubt it! —— [Exeunt *hand in hand.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Of Roderigo's *Houſe.*

Enter Criſpo *and* Mingo *wiping their Faces.*

Criſ. HEre's a Clutter with all my heart; — why ſure, this Maſter of ours is either running mad, or never thinks of returning.

Min. Here was a Palace, as well furniſh'd as the Duke's it ſelf, —— ſuch Hangings, Pictures, Carpets, Plate, and every thing ſuitable; — but it ſeems they were not rich enough; — we're all new from top to bottom.

Criſ. For my part, my Back's almoſt broke with Luggaging, and I think thine's not much better. —— Wou'd 'twere her Neck, that has been the cauſe of all.

Min. Yet, what wou'd not a Man do that Loves his Wife?

Criſ. Commend me to our old Home; we have no Wives there: And (I've obſerv'd) here, thoſe that ſo gild this Pill of Matrimony, to make it go down the eaſier, never take it themſelves.

Min. The Truth is, neither of us need be fond of the Sex. —— But every one is not our *Imperia.* —— A Wife, if you have Money, will help to get more.

Criſ. Or rather ſpend what you have.

Min. If you're at Home, ſhe'll bear you Company.

Criſ. Or rather Scold ye out of Doors.

Min. If you're Abroad ——

Criſ. Perhaps

Crif. Perhaps Cuckold ye, ere ye come home, —— But how now *Mingo*, — have ye forgot your Knitting-needles?

Min. Nor your Trap-door —— meer Accidents.

Crif. I tell thee Brother of mine, A Devil of Clouts, wou'd ha' more Wit; and I'm afraid, our Maſter has ſpoil'd thee.

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. So, ſo, ye have done well, — ye have done more in a few hours, than a dozen Lazy Block-heads wou'd ha' done in a Week. —— Yet, methinks, the Rooms might have been better Perfum'd.

Crif. We reſerv'd that, till laſt.

Rod. Never the worſe —— Is the Muſick come?

Min. They only wait your call.

Rod. Go then, and be ſure every thing be in Order. — [*Ex.* Crif. Min. My Wife and I are Friends agen, and to confirm it, I've promis'd her a Ball; and can't but laugh, to think how ſhe'll be pleaſed, with the Preparation I have made for't. —— She's but taking the Air, and can't be long ere ſhe return.

Enter Imperia. *She runs to him.*

Imp. O my Dear! and am not I a good Wife now?
That thou'dſt been with us at Duke *Doria*'s Garden;
The pretty Conteſt between Art and Nature:
To ſee the Wilderneſs, Grots, Arbours, Ponds,
And in the midſt, over a ſtately Fountain,
The *Neptune* of the *Ligurian Sea*,
Andrea Dorea; the Man, who firſt
Taught *Genoa* not to ſerve. —— Then to behold
The curious Water-works, and wanton Streams
Wind here and there, as if they had forgot
Their Errand to the Sea ——

Rod. Thou ſett'ſt off this
So well, I fanſie thou'dſt deſign a fairer.

Imp. Dear Husband try. — And then agen, within
That vaſt prodigious Cage, to ſee the Groves
Of Myrtle, Orange, Geſſamine, beguile
The winged Quire into a Native Warble,
And Pride of their reſtraint — Then, up and down,
An antiquated Marble, or broken Statue,
Majeſtick, even in ruine. —

Rod. It pleaſes me,
To ſee thee pleas'd. ——

Imp. And ſuch a glorious Palace! ——

Such

Such Picture! Carving! Furniture! —— my words
Cannot reach half the Splendor. — And after all,
To ſee the Sea, fond of the goodly ſight,
One while, glide Amorous, and lick her Walls,
As who wou'd ſay, come follow: But repulſt,
Rally its whole Artillery of Waves,
And crowd into a Storm. —— But when (*my Dear*)
When will ye fanſie me ſuch a Retirement?

Rod. When I, like him that rais'd it, can command
The Spoils o'th' rifled Ocean, thou ſhalt.

Imp. Thou'ſt ever a Fetch for what thou'ſt no mind to —— How can a Woman love ye?

Rod. Do but conſider — the Houſe we now live in, is little inferior to a Palace; and might become my Better.

Imp. A meer Hole — and that ſo damp, muſty, and raw ——

Rod. You ne'er complain'd of it before; — however, Fire and Perfumes will rectifie the Air.

Imp. Yes — to put a Woman into Fits.

Rod. Bating that Palace, there's not a Houſe in *Genoa* better furniſh'd; — and for Picture — I dare almoſt vie *Italy*. — Come — and I'll ſhow thee. [*He offers to lead her out.*

Imp. What? Thoſe in the Gallery? — I ſaw 'em as I came in — meer Sign-poſt work.

Rod. How?— *Titian*'s *Venus!* and Sign-poſt work?

Imp. A down-right Country *Jone*.

Rod. *Raphael*'s *Paris*, and the Three Goddeſſes?

Imp. A Bumkin, and his Milk-maids.

Rod. What think'ſt thou then of *Guido Rhem*'s Rape of *Lucrece?* — *Mich'el Angelo's Leda?* — Or *Corregio*'s *Jupiter* and *Semele?*

Imp. Enough to make a modeſt Woman look through her Fingers.

Rod. Wou'dſt thou have nobler Actions? — What ſay'ſt thou to *Carrachio*'s *Perſeus* and *Andromeda?* — *Pietro Teſta*'s *Iphigenia?* — Or *Mola*'s *Curtius?*

Imp. What Mr. Dawber pleaſes.

Rod. Or, if thou lik'ſt Hunting — there's *Tempeſta*'s *Acteon!*

Imp. E'en keep it to your ſelf; — for my part, I wou'd not put ſuch an Affront on my Friends, as to have 'em ſeen in my Houſe. —— Picture, d'ye call 'em!

Enter Criſpo.

Criſ. Sir, the Company are now lighting at Door.

Imp. And why not Madam — Sauce-Box! —— [*She ſtrikes him.* Your Servants muſt diſreſpect me too? — Entertain them your ſelf for me. [*She is running off.* *He ſtops her.*

Rod. Nay Wife — my dear Wife — what will our Friends ſay? For thy own ſake, if not mine, be civil. [*She preſſes to go off.*

Imp. Say what they will — ſhall I humour a Husband that can deny me any thing. — You'd as good let me go, or I'll ſpoil all. — Let me go I ſay.

Rod. Thou ſhalt have any thing — Here — take the Keys of all I have — and pleaſe thy ſelf. — — [*She takes them grumbling.*

Imp. You can make me do what you pleaſe — that ye can.

Rod. I'll wait upon our Friends — [*Enter Perſons in Maſquerade.* Known or unknown, be pleas'd — [*They ſeat themſelves. Muſick begins.* Do but obſerve this Air. [*To* Imp.] *A Dance of all but* Rod. *and* Imp.

Imp. Scraping you mean — I'd 've made as good on a Gridiron.

Rod. Softly, my Dear — [*The Dance ends. They ſeat agen.*

Imp. And ſuch a ſtring-halt Dance. [*After a ſmall Intervale, another Muſick.*

Enter a Boy. He Sings.

WERE I to take Wife,
(As 'tis for my Life)
She ſhou'd be Brisk, Pleaſant, and Merry;
A lovely fine Brown,
A Face all her own,
With a Lip, red, and round, as a Cherry.

Not much of the Wiſe,
Leſs of the Preciſe,
Nor over reſerv'd, nor yet flying:
Hard Breaſts, a ſtreight Back,
An Eye, full and black,
But languiſhing, as ſhe were dying.

And then, for her Dreſs,
Be't more, or be't leſs,
Not tawdry ſet out, nor yet meanly:
And one thing beſide,
Juſt, juſt ſo much Pride,
As may ſerve to keep honeſt, and cleanly.

Imp. Whoo, ho, ho, hoo! — here's a Voice! — and a Song, I thank ye — [*A noiſe within, as of ſome Diſhes breaking.* You'd have you can't tell what.

Enter

Enter Quartilla.

Qua. O Madam, your Monkey has got into the next Room, and overturn'd all your Cupboard of China. [*She runs off in a Fury.*

Imp. Or I had don't my ſelf, to ſpite my *Don.*

Rod. I beſeech ye Gentlemen, let this make no diſturbance — I hope you'll take ſhare of a ſhort Regale.

Omnes. Alas, poor *Roderigo!* [*Exeunt Maskers.* *Manet* Rod.

Rod. Poor Hen-peckt Devil, they might have ſaid. —— The very Boys will pelt me. —— [*He walks.*] But is this *Belphegor!* — this, the once, *Generaliſſimo!* — Yes — [*He makes a ſhrug.*] but ſubjected to all the Conditions of Humanity — and I muſt be contented, as well as others — at leaſt, till I get my Keys agen: For to ſay Truth, my Ships are longer out than was expected, and Bills come thick upon me; ſome of them too, begin to be importunate. — My comfort is, they're three rich Cargoes, and any on's return will pay for all. [*Exi.*

SCENE II. *Of* Montalto's *Houſe.*

Enter Panſa *with a dark Lanthorn, conducting* Fieſchi.

Pan. SHE's as good as her word. —— The Door was unlockt.

Fieſ. And I may truſt her?

Pan. My Life ye may — for ſhe ever made it a matter of Conſcience, to take a Gentleman's Money, and do nothing for't.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What ſhall we do, Sir? — our Maſter's return'd — but in his own Apartment — Conſider.

Fieſ. It muſt be — And why not now?

Bian. Then follow me cloſe and ſoftly — and do you *Panſa*, ſtay here till I return. [*Exeunt* Bianca *and* Fieſchi.

Pan. And if it hits, I'm made — and who knows but I may marry the Jade my ſelf, for all her *Tueſday* next. — O but — but what? — To be a Cuckold. — And how many are there in the World, yet live contentedly? — But — your own Cuckold — foreſtal the Market — antidate your own Fortune — And what of that? I am not the firſt has don't, and ſha'n't be the laſt. — This I am ſure, I am the leſs deceiv'd. — What ere it be, Two hundred Piſtoles, and my Maſters Kindneſs, will make amends for all. [Bianca *returns.*

Now *Bianca*, I was thinking, what if thou and I ſhould join Jiblets, in an honourable Way? — What think ye of Matrimony *Bianca?*

Bian. No,

Bian. No, *Panſa*, no — for tho' I love ye well enough, you ſhall never twit me with any thing of your own Knowledge — but for old Acquaintance, I'll recommend ye — She is!

Pan. The very Mop of Modeſty! But what has ſhe?

Bian. Enough for you, and to ſpare. — The truth is — not above Sixteen or Seventeen Thouſand Duckats ready Money, and as much more, after the Death of her Grannum — But for Vertue!

Pan. The Lord knows what! — But ſay, ſhe won't ha' me?

Bian. I'll put in a good Word for ye. — This for your comfort, She'll ſip *Verdun* — privately tho' — and then — ſo good natur'd.

Pan. That's half the work: For I never knew the Devil at one end, but his Dam was at t'other. [*A noiſe within, as of a falling down Stairs.*

Bian. Here, *Panſa*, here. [*She puts him in a Cloſet, takes his Lanthorn, and* Exit *by one Door. Enter* Fieſchi *running by another. He falls, and drops his Dagger.*

Fieſ. Where am I? Blind Fortune aſſiſt my blinder ſelf. [*He recovers, and exit by the Door he firſt came in at.* Bianca *peeps in with her dark Lanthorn; ſees the Dagger, takes it up, and gives both to* Panſa, *then likewiſe peeping.*

Bian. There — bolt the Door t'ye, while I look out another way. [*Exit.*

Enter Montalto *with a Caſe of Piſtols (in his Night-Gown) by the ſame Door* Fieſchi *ran in at.*

Mon. The laſt noiſe lay this way — within there, Ho! [*He knocks.* What's here! — methinks I ſee a faint glimmering of a Light within that Cloſet. [*He endeavours to open the Door.*] Bolted within too — nay then — [*He fires at the Door,* Panſa *ſlips the bolt, glares him in the Face with his dark Lanthorn.* Montalto *fires at him, and cloſes with him. Both fall.* Panſa *ſtabs him, and by that means gets from him; but not without the loſs of his Dagger.* Exit Panſa *by the ſame Door as his Maſter:* Montalto *riſes. Enter Servants (with Lights and Swords) undreſt.*

1 *Ser.* Thieves, Thieves! — 'waken my Lord, he may be kill'd in's Bed.

2 *Ser.* Hold — where he ſtands! — He bleeds — a Handkercher, to keep the Wound from Air.

Mon. What needs this noiſe? — One of ye ſtay with me — another get me a Chirurgeon.

3 *Ser.* I run, I run. [*Exit.*

Mon. The reſt, look about the Houſe — 'tis almoſt impoſſible he ſhould eſcape. [*Third Servant returns.*

3 *Ser.* The Street Door (my Lord) is open. [*He runs off again.*

Mon. Nay, then the Bird is flown. — However, ſee what Servants are

are wanting, or out of Bed. That Men knew when, to put on Arms.

[*First Servant sees a Dagger on the floor, takes it up, and gives it* Montalto. *He starts.*

1 *Ser.* Here's some ones Bloody Dagger.

Mon. And I know whose — I gave it him——
That was unkind. [*He throws it carelessly.*

Enter Portia *in a Night-Gown.*

Por. My Husband Bloody! — What have I done, good Heaven! — Now, pity me — And press me not with more than I can bear, or give me strength —— [*She staggers*; 1 *Servant supports her.*

Mon. Do not thou stab me too —— [Montalto *breaks from the other.*
'Tis but a scratch, and thy *Montalto* lives:
Stay! stay my *Portia!* — yet one minute stay,
And take me with thee. [*He runs to take the Dagger,* 2 *Ser. prevents him.*

2 *Ser.* She begins to stir, Sir. [Montalto *runs to her, and shakes her.*

Mon. Return, return! at least but give an Eye,
And see who calls thee back.——

Por. My hovering Soul
Was on the Wing, and nothing, but that voice,
Had checkt its flight.

Mon. Do not torment thy self:
Thou maist accuse, but canst not alter Fate.
Heav'n, Earth, all Things, have their Period.

Por. But *Portia* has resolv'd, she will be *Portia*,
In not surviving you.

Mon. Respite till then:
Ev'ry Wound is not Mortal; or if 'twere,
Who comes to his last Period, dies old.
If I've liv'd well, it's enough; if ill, too long:
Life's measur'd, not by Years, but Actions.

Por. But to be thus rent from me ——

Mon. If I must leave the Town, what matter is't
What Port I go out at? Or which way I die?
Death has a Thousand Roads, but all of them
Meet at the Journeys end —— How happy then
Is Man, that he can neither lose his Way,
Nor pass it twice. [*Third Servant returns.*

3 *Ser.* The Chirurgeons (Sir), are coming.

Mon. Bring them into the next Room — Come (my Dear) I hope there's no danger —— However, happen what will, it shan't surprize me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. Roderigo's *House.*

Enter Roderigo, *with Letters in his Hand,*

Rod. 'TIS what I fear'd — my *Levant* Merchant taken by the *Turks* — my *French*-man ſunk at Sea — my *Spaniard* loſt at Dice. — And what's worſe? My Credit is at Stake — my Caſh in my Wife's Hands, and if ſhe prove croſs, there's no more to be ſaid — I muſt break.

To him Don Hircio.

Hir. I am a Gentleman, Sir— and the King's no more. [*He ſtruts.*

Rod. Heaven maintain it, Sir.

Hir. Maintain me! — I have an Eſtate ſomewhere beyond the Mountains in my own Country; and where a Pigeon Houſe once ſtood; which, were it ſtanding, as it is now fall'n, well-ſtock'd with Pigeons, and removed to *Madrid*, might be worth to me — a brace of Thouſand Mareveds yearly —

Rod. That is to ſay, about Twenty Shillings Engliſh.

Hir. Maintain me! [*Cocks and ſtruts.*

Rod. Your Pardon, Sir.

Hir. Yet think it no Diſhonour to converſe with our *Jews* in black-hats, here — Somewhat below me, I muſt confeſs — but I am now and then ſerviceable to 'em, and they thank me.

Rod. I remember ye, Sir— Your commands to me.

Hir. That's as you pleaſe — You are Signior, a Man of Fortune, which makes them Envy you. — In ſhort, 'tis given out, your Ships are miſcarried, — and now, one taxes this, another that, a third, your *Cattamountain*, (my Relation) your Lady.

Rod. Alas, poor Fool! muſt ſhe ſuffer too?

Hir. I was once about to have made them eat their Words — but Prudence (as ſometimes it ſhou'd) interpos'd. — Upon the whole, if you pay 'em not Forty Thouſand Duckats, you'll be Arreſted ere Night.

Rod. Neither my Ships nor that, will much affect me.

Hir. The more's my Joy — But, ſince they are ſuch Scoundrels, name me the Man ye do but doubt — and — he's dead.

Rod. By no means, Signior — However, as an acknowledgment of your Reſpect — be pleas'd — [*He gives him a ſmall Purſe.*

Hir. I beſeech ye, Sir — what d'ye mean — nay — [*But takes it.* Now cou'd I quarrel you my ſelf, in that you dare not truſt my Honour — but I can take nothing ill from ſo Noble a Patron; and when you have any ſuch occaſion, let me oblige ye. [*Exit.*

Rod. Her

Rod. Her Relation, he ſaid — a worthy one! — And yet it may be true as he ſays; and who knows, but he might be ſent to ſet me. —My laſt Comfort is, I have Caſh enough in the Houſe, but the Keys of it hang at my Wife's Girdle.

Enter Imperia.

—— Never more welcom, tho' to unwelcom News.

Imp. Your Ships you mean —— 'Tis every where.

Rod. I'm happy yet in ſuch a partner of my Cares —— All will do well agen —— Lend me thy Keys.

Imp. For what, I wis' — your Wife (it ſeems) is not fit to be truſted?

Rod. Thou knoweſt the contrary; —— but I have ſome Bills charg'd on me, that require ſpeedy payment, or they'll be proteſted; and then, where am I?

Imp. Ev'n where you pleaſe —But Keys, you get none of me —— the Fool has more Wit.

Rod. I ſhall be ruin'd elſe.

Imp. Better you than I —— She'll provide for one.

Rod. I have enough to bear Fourty ſuch Loſſes.

Imp. Yes — in your great Iron Cheſt. —— Away, you pitiful Don — with what Face cou'd ye cheat me with a parcel of Stones and Brick-bats, inſtead of Coin? — Was this the Treaſure? Theſe the *Doubleoons* ye talkt of?

Rod. I tell thee, Woman, 'tis all good Silver; and more Gold than the beſt of thy Family, thou ſo much tatleſt, e'er ſaw together.

Imp. My Family, Gentleman! — I was finely hope up, when all the Pride of *Italy* courted me, to marry a *Tramontane*, — a beggarly Don,—*Don Roderigo Caſtiliano!* the firſt of his Houſe, and the laſt of his Name. —— Blot my Blood with your damn'd *Moriſco!* —— That *Moletto* Face, might have fore-warn'd me. —— But, alas, poor me — I lov'd. [*She puts finger in eye.*

Rod. Thou haſt a Prince *Incognito* in me.

Imp. The Devil I have! —— Ha, ha, hah!

Rod. Provoke me not, for fear thou find'ſt me ſuch.

Imp. And what wou'd my poor Pug? —— I have a Charm ſhall lay ye, good Sir Devil.—A Circle, ſhall cool your Courage.

Rod. Give me my Keys, I ſay —— [*Enter a Woman with a Bandbox.* How now — who's this?

Imp. Who ſhou'd ſhe be? —— my Tire-Woman: She brings me Knots, Gloves, Ribbons, Points, every thing.

Rod. And now and then a Letter in the bottom o'th' Box. [*He puts his hand in the Box, finds a Letter, ſhe ſnatches it from him, and throws it back; the Tire-woman takes it up, and Exit running.*

Mighty fine! —— And from whom, I pray'?

Imp. What's

Imp. What's that to you — Jealous! o' my Conſcience, Jealous! — I ſee a mouſled Hood, rumpled Tippet, or tumbled Petty-coat wou'd not down with you! my Lord *Dick*, or my Lord *Tom*, ſtick in your ſtomach. —— Jealous, my Life! Jealous! — Know *Tramontane*, Jealouſie is the effect of Weakneſs; whereas, he that's Vertuous himſelf, belives the ſame of another.

Rod. Give me my Keys, I ſay agen — and that Letter — Or — [*He takes her by the ſleeve.*

Imp. But, ſhall I have 'em agen?

Rod. Upon my Honour thou ſhalt — I'll only take what will ſerve My preſent Occaſion.

Imp. Shall I indeed La? [*She Embraces him.*] And will ye never, be angry with your Wife agen?

Rod. All, all's forgotten.

Imp. Well then — I'll try for once — [*She whips out his Sword, and beats him about the Stage; and as ſhe hears Company entring, ſhe drops the Sword, and takes to her Handkercihef.*

Murder! Murder! Help! Murder!

Enter Five or Six Women.

Sure all Women ha'n't ſuch Husbands.

1 *Woman.* Now fie upon him for a Villain, beat his Wife!

2 *Wo.* Draw upon a Woman! [*Third Woman takes up the Sword.*

Rod. Do but hear me. *All fall upon him, and beat him*

3 *Wo.* That were wiſe work indeed. *down; and having well pomell'd*

Omnes. I hope you are not hurt. [*To* Imp.] *him they go up to* Imp. *and Exeunt with her.* Rod. *riſes.*

Rod. Nor all Men ſure ſuch Wives. —— What ſhall I do? — Debts, threaten me Abroad —— my Wife's at Home — ſtay here, I cannot — and return, I dare not— [*He walks.*] And live with her Ten Years (if poſſible) —— That bleſt Parentheſis, if poſſible.

But yet, to fall thus tamely —— Be outwitted;
And, by a Woman! — By the drowſie *Lethe*,
Cocytus, *Acheron*, or whatever worſe,
Than Fables ever feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd,
I'll make her know me better; make her know,
What an Italianated Devil can do. [*He gives a Stamp.*
Hoe! *Sacrapant! Adramelech!*

Enter Servant, with a Letter.

Ser. I am told, Sir, it requires no Anſwer. [*Exit Servant. He reads.*

Rod. Your Houſe is beſet with Bailiffs — Conſult your Safety — Haſte, if you're wiſe. —— How I command, how the dull Slaves obey. [*Another ſtamp. A hollow voice between the Scenes.*

Voice. What would *Belphegor?*

Rod. Attend me without — what ſhall a poor Devil do? —— But — might not Friends take up the matter? —— Yes — and your Houſe beſet ——

ſet. — I'd come to any Terms, — but the Letter ſaid, Haſte. — I have a Loop-hool yet — but never more to maintain my Figure. — Haſte, was the word; — but muſt I leave thee? — I will yet ſtand it. — Men and their Wives have quarrell'd, and been Friends agen —

[*A noiſe as of the clatter of a door is heard within. He ſtarts.*

They're got into the Houſe. *Runs his Head againſt the Wall.*

The beſt of't is, I have not far to go. *Recovers, and Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

Enter Criſpo *and* Mingo *(by croſs doors.) They meet, joſtle, and lay their Hands to their Swords.*

Min. Signior *Criſpo?* — Mio multo illuſtre. [*They make their drunken ſcrapes, and Embrace.*

Criſ. Min' Here Mingo? — Veſtre tres humble. — That Comerades ſhou'd know one another no better?

Min. And which becomes us, leaſt of all others. — Us, that ſhou'd unite againſt the Common Enemy, Mankind.

Criſ. Thou'rt right. — And now, that we're Pot-valiant, what think'ſt thou of a Frolick?

Min. And kill the next we meet.

Criſ. My very thought. — A match — [*They ſhake hands.*] Our Maſter will not hear of our return; and if I'm hang'd, 'tis what I wou'd.

Min. And better far, than living under the Dominion of this ſuper-devilified *Imperia.*

Criſ. Poor *Belphegor* — I have known him ſomewhat in my time, but now, ſo ſotted on her, he's not himſelf; and all this to pleaſe her, that will be pleas'd with nothing.

Min. How one may be miſtaken? — I remember, while he court-ed her, Almond-butter wou'd not melt in her mouth — ſo innocent, ſhe'd have bluſht t'ave ſeen her own Hand naked — and a Voice ſo low, ſhe cou'd not hear her ſelf. — But not Three Days married, ere (like an Alarm Clock) the Houſe rang of her.

Criſ. I'm ſure I bear her marks. — Time was, I cou'd have bolted through a Key-hole; cut Capers on the point of a Needle; giv'n the Double-Somerſet on a Pins-head; felt no more blows than a Sack of Wool; but now ſhe'as beaten me to maſh.

Min. And made me meer Gut-founder'd — and I'm afraid, our Ma-ſter (return when he will) will make but a ragged Accompt of it.

Criſ. My only hopes are, he'll be weary in time, and leave her behind him; for if ere ſhe come among us below, we break up Houſe for certain.

Min. A Lion (they ſay) runs from a Cock; and well may the Devil from a Crowing Hen.

Criſ. I am glad to ſee this amendment, Friend *Mingo*, and hope now, you are not ſo matrimonially inclin'd, as once you were?

Min. I tell thee, *Criſpo*, I know not what to make of 'em. — Some are ſo skittiſh, no ground will hold 'em. —— Others ſo reſty, one can bring 'em to nothing. —— And others agen (like a Rattle at a Dogs Tail) run where you will, and it ſtill follows ye.

Criſ. When all's done, there's nothing like an honeſt private Friend: And (between our ſelves) I have ſuch a piece.

Min. As mine, I warrant ye — ſo loving!

Criſ. So careful of her Honour, yet ſo obliging!

Min. As if I did not know your old *Flora* —— a meer Rag of a Jade; I wonder thou durſt venture on her, for fear of Navel-gauling.

Criſ. And, I think, you have not much reaſon to brag of your greaſie Tripe-wife, for my part, I hate Bog-trotting.

Min. What need this reſervedneſs among Friends. —— Upon Honour now — who ſhall ſay firſt.

Criſ. And wound Reputation! —— Fie.

Enter Marone, *and a large Watch.* Criſpo *and* Mingo *run; the Watch follow.*

Mar. You may believe Neighbours, there's ſomewhat more than ordinary, that I am here in perſon. —— Every man wou'd not have don't. —— But ſee, who are thoſe Fellows running there — follow, follow. There is a dangerous Plot now brewing, and I know who has a Finger in it up to the Elbow. —— Follow, follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Mattheo, Roderigo *(as in a Vineyard).* Mattheo *a Spade in his hand.*

Mat. I Have heard of your Quality, and great Loſſes — But your Wife ſay you? Alas, poor Gentleman! — I loſt mine about a month ſince, and tho' I have no great reaſon to brag, find a miſs of her.

Rod. I'll change with ye; my living Wife, for your dead Wife.

Mat. Not too much of that neither — I had, had one before; and ſhe was well enough. — But this laſt! — ſuch a — I'll tread lightly on her Grave, for fear ſhe 'wake.

Rod. And what difference found ye' between a good Wife, and a bad one.

Mat. I ſaid not, ſhe was good, but well enough —— tho' I think the difference be much the ſame, as between a wild Rabbet and a tame Rabbet. —— However, at laſt, I found the way of beating the Devil out of mine.

Rod. And I ſhould ha' thought, there was more danger of beating him in. —— But, Sir, you don't conſider the Catch-poles; they follow.

low upon a fresh scent; do but preserve me from 'em, I'll make ye a man for ever.

Mat. Nor shall you repent the putting your self under my Protection — Look ye Sir — [*He takes him to the Scenes.*] you see those parings of Vines, creep under them, and I'll cover ye up. — Rod. *creeps*, Mat. *covers him.*] When they are gone, I'll give you notice. —— A handsome Fellow, and wears good Clothes. —— If it miscarry, I have little to lose; and if it succeed, I'm made for ever.

Enter Officers, they beat about.

—— Pray Gentlemen don't trample my Vines — Who are ye?

1 *Off.* We are the States Officers, in quest of a Gentleman we are sure took this Road.

2 *Off.* And cannot be far behind him. —— At your Peril be it, if you conceal him.

Mat. My House is open to ye. [*Third Officer enters*, Mat. *digs.*

1 *Off.* Pr'ythee be honest to us, and thou shalt snack.

2 *Off.* We can afford him Forty Duckats —— and that's more than thou'lt get in haste by diging.

Mat. Forty Duckats Gentlemen, wou'd do me a kindness.

1 *Off.* And if we take him I'll be thy Pay-master —— I'm sure thou knowest me —— and I'll be true to thee. [*He gives his Hand.*

Mat. Signior *Bricone*, if I mistake not.

1 *Off.* Thou hast me right — and therefore doubt not thy money.

Mat. Well then — he is [Mat. *describes* Rod: *Person and Clothes.*

2 *Off.* The same —— And if he's about thy House, shew him us, and here's thy money down. [*He pulls out a Bag.*

Third Officer returns.

3 *Off.* There's nothing within.

Mat. I rather wish he were —— But d'ye see that blind side Road, on the left hand of my Vineyard, as ye came.

1 *Off.* And were I to have fled for my Life, I'd have taken't my self.

Mat. There did I see such a Person, and one other with him, ride by, about an hour since. —— And now I better consider on't — he was the great Merchant, that lost some Ships t'other day.

Omnes. The same, the same —— To Horse, to Horse.

Mat. Ride hard, and ye can't but overtake him. [*Exeunt Off. running.* —— They're gone, and *Roderigo*'s Wishes follow 'em. —— He told me, he'd make me a man for ever, and (I hope) he'll be as good as his word, and not lick himself whole again, by non-performance. —— Hoe Signior! the Coast is clear, you may advance.

Enter Roderigo *talking, and looking about him.*

Rod. I fansie I hear them still —— Hark! what was that?

Mat. Nothing but the Wind among the Leaves. —— I have perform'd

form'd my promiſe, and you're ſafe: Tho' (if you over-heard us, as you needs muſt) to my diſadvantage.

Rod. I did, and doubly thank you, nor ſhall it ever be ſaid, that I forgot mine. —— But firſt, 'tis requiſite, that you underſtand my Condition —— Know then, I am not what I appear to you — but in few words — a very Devil.

Mat. A Devil! [Mat. *ſtarts.*] and afraid of Bailiffs!

Rod. Yet ſo it is — I was ſent to Earth by ſpecial Command, ſubject nevertheleſs to all the Conditions of Humanity; but more particularly oblig'd to marry a Wife.

Mat. Keep your Wife to your ſelf, I have no mind to Cuckold the Devil.

Rod. And now, what with her inſulting peeviſh Humour, my Loſſes at Sea, my Correſpondence failing, and Creditors preſſing, you ſee to what Condition I'm brought.

Mat. Is't come to this! — The Sham wo'n't paſs on me — Come, come — uncaſe — [Mat. *goes about to ſtrip him.*] A man for ever! —— A Devil wou'd ha' been more honeſt.

Rod. Have but a minutes patience, and if I don't convince you of what I told ye, and you don't find me the moſt ingenuous, grateful, and as Gentleman-like a Devil, as you could wiſh, I am contented you deliver me up to my Creditors. —— And, without your conſent, part from ye I will not.

Mat. 'Tis Civil tho'. [Rod. *gives a ſtamp.*

Rod. Hoe! *Sacrapant, Adrameleck, Paganuccio, Fortibrand!* —— [*Muſick is heard, Spirits riſe; they Dance an Antick about* Mat. *and Exeunt.* Mat. *all the while trembling.* Fear nothing, they ſha'n't hurt ye.

Mat. Fear nothing ſaid ye? — I'm not yet ſecure, but my Soul may ſlip out at the wrong end.

Rod. I've ſhewn you what I am; and now conſider, what Devil of a Thouſand would not ſuch Circumſtances have try'd? —— But to my promiſe —— [*A noiſe within. He ſtarts.*] Huiſht, huiſht —— my Wife — that Wife, whom now I dread, more than ere I doated on her.

Mat. A Tittle tattle of mine; I know her Voice.

Rod. My promiſe, I was ſaying —— you know the Lady *Ambroſia?*

Mat. And what of her? — She's rich — And do you but make a match for me there, I'll releaſe you your promiſe.

Rod. I am no go-between; but this I'll do — as ſoon as I leave this place, I'll inſtantly poſſeſs her; and, on the Faith of an oblig'd Devil, will never leave her, till you come and force me from my Quarters. —— And ſo, you know how, to make the Terms.

Mat. But which way muſt I go about it?

Rod. Sputter any thing, and that ſhall do't — And beſides, good briſk Nonſence, with a little Balderdaſh, and the Gravity of a graduated Gooſe, to ſet it off, will give ye the Vogue, among the greater number;

number; who, like *Socrates*'s Children, take more after the Mother than the Father.

Mat. My Noble Patron, I ſee you are in earneſt; and, becauſe you and I muſt be better acquainted, your Name (I beſeech ye) and Quality in the other World?

Rod. Belphegor; *Generaliſſimo* of the *Subterranean* Forces: But this Condition of Humanity, has ſo diſcompos'd me, that I'm aſham'd to own what I was.

Mat. Generaliſſimo! a Friend at Court, may (if he pleaſe) ſtand a man in ſtead. —— But pray, Sir, what do ye do below?

Rod. Much after the rate ye do here; ever ſpeaking well of our ſelves, and ill of others. —— And for Friendſhip, as we profeſs not much, for what we do, we obſerve it as little as your ſelves.

Mat. A wiſe People! — But how do men get thither? Have ye no Standing-Porters to attend the Service.

Rod. By no means —— No man comes thither but of himſelf, or his Wife's ſending. — I wo'n't deny, but when a Devil meets a man with his Skates on, he may give him a puſh forward. — But I'm uneaſie.

[*He looks over his Shoulders.*

Mat. There's no danger. —— What kind of People are ye?

Rod. A Hotch-potch of all Tongues, Nations, and Languages: We ſpeak the *Lingua Franca*, keep open Houſe, and never ſhut our Gates to any, that had either Wit or Money; and that's the reaſon we have ſo many Wits and Uſurers among us.

Mat. And no Women? — For notwithſtanding all, I am no profeſt Enemy to the Sex.

Rod. They're the beſt Cuſtomers we have; they ſeldom come alone, with their own Lading — Some bring more, ſome leſs; not one in ten without a Liver and a Gizard; two Friends, at leaſt, beſides Followers.

Mat. But have ye no Divines, Phyſicians, Lawyers? —What have ye?

Rod. Of that, when we meet next.

Mat. And you'll forget — you will.

Rod. Upon Parole, I wo'n't — [*They ſhake hands.*] With this further — when ever you hear of any Lady poſſeſt, be ſure it is your Humble Servant, and no other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Of Roderigo's *Houſe.*

Enter Imperia, Quartilla, Scintilla.

Imp. OUR Gentleman (it ſeems) is gone to take the Air, and I can look about me now, without asking leave.

Quar. He

Quar. He took ſo little with him, I wonder we hear nothing of him — his proud Spirit will come down in time.

Scin. But to run away in ſuch a hurry!

Imp. That laſt Note I ſent him did the buſineſs.

Scin. What made a Gentleman of his Wealth and Credit, go off ſo ſoon?

Imp. I was privy to none of his Actions; however, ſo foreſaw it, as to ſecure his Eſtate to my ſelf.

Scin. And (with your Ladiſhip's leave) are you not bound in Honour to ſet him up again?

Quar. If I thought he might not be troubleſom, I'd perſwade my Lady to take him home agen, and keep him in Pocket-money, for her own Credit.

Imp. No, no — I'd better remove privately and ſecure what I have; and that the rather, for if ever I heard any thing in my Life, I heard his tread in my Chamber laſt Night.

Scin. So have I fanſied a man in bed with me, but when all came to all, 'twas nothing but a Night-mare. — However (Madam) remove where you will, a Man is ſome Credit to a Houſe, and ours (methinks) ſeems naked without him.

Quar. Theſe Girls never conſider, we ſhou'd have him rummaging the next Bandbox agen.

Imp. O thou remembreſt me. [*She takes out a Letter broken open. Reads.* — *Terrachino!* — The Thouſand Crowns I formerly preſented your Ladiſhip, emboldens me — Ha, ha, hah! — My Lord *Lack-land!* — There — [*She throws away the Letter.*] Tell her, that brought it, I have forgot the Token, and he muſt ſend it agen, or't wo'n't do.

[Quartilla *takes up the Letter.*

Quar. Now out upon him! — had he the Impudence to believe other! — No (Madam) you have it ſeven Years yet good to take; and after that, you may truck, barter, or (at worſt) give.

Enter Fieſchi. Imperia *beckons them off.* *Exeunt* Quar. Scin.

Imp. Ye may keep within call — And now, *Fieſchi* — we have no more Excuſes ſure? — And how? — Was my Siſter Complaiſant? — Has good Nature yet brought her about?

Fieſ. Judge of me, as you think I deſerve. — I had found all open Approaches as troubleſom as Fruitleſs, and therefore reſolv'd on Stratagem. — To this purpoſe, I follow'd the hint you gave me, and engag'd her Woman to give me the opportunity of getting into her Apartment, which (not many Nights ſince) I attempted: And tho' no one knew the Houſe better than my ſelf, yet being in the dark, it was my Misfortune to miſtake his Apartment for hers — *Montalto* heard me, and ſprang out; I (as well I might) fled, and by another miſtake,

fell

fell down Stairs; He purſu'd; I, recover'd the fall, and got off.——

Imp. As to give ye your due, you had ever the diſcretion, to ſave one.

Fief. I thank your Ladyſhip, —— In ſhort, my Servant, endeavouring to make up with me, engaged *Montalto*; wounded him, and got off himſelf: And (I know not by what accident) is ſince, taken; Or you might have been ſure, I'd waited on ye ſooner.

Imp. Wou'd thou, wert in his room — A pretty Story! — And I believe't? — No, thou ſilly nothing — 'Twas thou, that hir'dſt thy Servant, to kill *Montalto* to make room for thy ſelf —— You were there? — The ſame, was I — I've heard the Story — A mere Invention of your own, to excuſe your ſelf, and cheat me.

Fief. You do me wrong — That my deſign miſcarry'd, is not my fault.

Imp. You might have laid it better.
Did I command ye to a Night-Adventure?
I, bid ye Murder? — No — my ſpotleſs Honour,
Cannot be blaſted, by a Villain's tongue:
Send me the Jewels, and the Gold I lent ye;
Or you will rue the time, that I ſend for 'em:
And ſo — As far as Honor, ſtill command me;
Further than that — Your humble Servant. *Exit* Imperia.

Fief. Hey-day! — Perfidious Woman! and I the Fool,
To think, there ever was, or cou'd be other:
How, like Egyptian Temples, do they at diſtance,
Strike Reverence, and Admiration!
How Beautiful! How Glorious! —— Approach 'em,
And view the God — You find a Cat, or Ape,
A weeping Crocodile, or perhaps a Goat:
Forgive me Vertue, but a juſt revenge,
And I'll abjure (That fair defect of Nature)
The very Sex; And never think on't more,
But, as men do, of Debts, and Sins, to curſe 'em. [*Stamps.*

And now, for that revenge — My Servant's in hold, and I know not, how ſoon it may be my turn; but that I think him honeſt, and *Montalto* (as 'tis ſaid) in no great danger — Help me Invention — [*Enter Quartilla*] I have it.

Qua. I thought my Lady had call'd — however, I am glad to ſee your Worſhip ſo well — I have often taſted of your Bounty, and would be glad, it were in my power, to deſerve it.

Fief. Thou haſt an honeſt Face, and I ever found thee truſty.

Qua. And ſhall (I hope) continue ſo — And for my Face; 'tis all as you ſee: Let them, be beholding to ſlops, that want 'em.

Fief. Nay, there is ſomewhat in it; for Signior *Guido*, is ſo concern'd for thee! thou'lt ſcarce believe it.

Qua. Indeed Sir! I am beholding to him, for his Well-wiſhes.

Fieſ. What wilt thou ſay now, if I make it a Match between ye?

Qua. Ha, ha, ha, — But how ſhall we live together?

Fieſ. He has an hundred ways of getting Money: Only (like other Men) an Hundred and fifty of ſpending it, beſides drinking — But a Wife, will take him off, that.

Qua. And a diſcreet Woman, will bear, with a ſmall Fault.

Fieſ. Well then — There is a ſmall Job, which thou may'ſt, and canſt (if thou wilt) do for me: And that once done, Let me alone for thine. [*He chucks her under the Chin.*

Qua. And if I don't: never truſt Woman again, for my ſake.

Fieſ. Your Lady — But thou'lt laugh — And I, are all to pieces.

Qua. Mary forbid it! — Why, I have known ye play together like two Kittens; And as often told ye, Playing, commonly ended in earneſt — If that be all, I bring ye together again; and ſhe'll love ye, the better.

Fieſ. To move it to her, were to ſet her the farther off — But thus — Tell her, there's an Outlandiſh Prince, new come to Town, and that he's ſo enamour'd of her, that he intends her a rich Damask Bed, and Cup-board of Plate, which he'll ſend in to Morrow; and wait on her himſelf at Night: Now, this Prince will I perſonate; let me alone for the Diſguiſe.

Qua. Impoſſible! — She ſtands upon her Honour. — She receive a Night-viſit! From a Stranger! And by her own Conſent! — Beſides, your Tongue will betray ye.

Fieſ. Tell her, the Prince underſtands no Italian; and therefore, ſhe need not ſpeak to him; nor take more notice of him, than if he were her Husband — And we ſhall have ſuch laughing next Morning. — Come — Thou muſt. [*He gives her Money.*

Qua. What contrivances you Men have, to betray poor Women! — Well then — If you'll run the hazard; ſend in your Preſent to Morrow; and come your ſelf at Midnight; becauſe we are to remove in a day or two; for ſhe fanſies, the Houſe is haunted.

Fieſ. I'll venture, that too — only, do thou thy Part.

Qua. You are reſolved; And be it ſo. — In the mean time, you ſhall ſee how I'll work her — We Women, can do much together — But I'd almoſt forgot — What's your Prince's Name?

Fieſ. Il Principi Polacco.

Qua. Then ſay, and hold *Polacco* — You'll find me ready. [*Exit* Quar.

Fieſ. What Fools, a Man muſt ſometimes, be beholding to! — And if I am not even with her Ladyſhip, I'll forgive her — That once over, I will endeavour, by ſome worthy Action, to expiate my paſt Folly. *Exit.*

ACT

SCENE II.

Of Roderigo's *House.*

Enter Marone, Imperia, Quartilla.

Imp. 'Twas a ſad accident; and I fear me, more, than a bare Chance.—I hear, you took, th' Examinations.

Mar. The Friendſhip (Madam) I ever ow'd your Husband, might have commanded more——The reſt, Signior *Grimaldi*, has appointed, to be taken here.

Imp. And what d'ye' think? — Was my poor Siſter? — I love her with my Soul — Is there any thing reaches her?

Mar. Directly, nothing; But a ſingle, uncertain Evidence, her Servant *Bianca* ——Tho' to deal freely with ye', I ſuſpect it— Men of my Station, can ſee day, at a little hole: Letters, make Words, and Circumſtances, Things.

Imp. Alas! Alas! — Tho' yet, my private thoughts, don't contradict ye —— What wou'd ſhe have done, had ſhe had my Beaſt? —— But, he was my Husband ——And the more unfortunate me— I lov'd him. But pray —— What ground have ye?

Mar. Enough, if not too much. — *Montalto*'s Eſtate (however it went in my Name) was dipt in the Bank, for thirty Thouſand Duckats. —*Fieſchi*, pays the Money: His Servant, gave *Montalto* his Wound: And whether, your Siſter, and *Fieſchi*, were abſolute Strangers—I leave it to your Ladyſhip.

Imp. I am afraid, y'ave gone too deep.

Mar. I'll not give a ruſh for that Man, that cannot pick any thing out of nothing —— At leaſt, bring it in, by an *Innuendo*. — Men of Buſineſs (Madam) are not ſo much to ſeek, as the World takes them.

Imp. And truly, I tremble, while I ſpeak it —— I wiſh there were no deſign, of taking off, a Husband, to make room, for a Gallant.

Mar. My Conſcience, tells me, y'ave hit the Nail.

Imp. And ſhall I own that Siſter? Vertue, forbid it!

Enter Grimaldi, *and* Portia.

Grim. According to my appointment, I am come —Yet thought it, not altogether unfit, that this Lady, who is moſt concern'd, ſhou'd hear the matter.

Mar. And pray Sir, how goes it with our Friend, *Montalto?* Is there no hopes?

Grim. Yes truly: and as far as I conjecture, the greateſt danger of his Wound, lies in the Chirurgeon's hard words —All of them agree, it fortunately ſlanted, on a Rib.

Por. This worthy perſon inform'd me, it was his deſire, the Examinations might be taken here, which made me willing, to come my ſelf.

Imp. And that (perhaps) too ſoon, for ſomebodies credit.

Por. Whoſe e'er it be, I can hear it with more grief, than trouble.

Imp. Peradventure your own, or ſome ones elſe; who knows.

Grim. I beſeech you, Madam— (*To Imperia*) What mean ye?

Por. How ill, this had become another?

Imp. If any modeſt Woman, might have reſented, an Husband's injuries, I, ought not to have ſat down, with *Roderigo*'s to me — But when I conſider'd, he was my Husband, that Name ſoon covered all — I pray'd, no Gallant's Aid.

Grim. What's here! The Devil waſhing his Face! O Woman! What canſt thou not! [*Aſide.*

Por. What vertuous Woman ever did?

Imp. Recollect your ſelf—— I never doubted your Wit,

Por. Add Patience, to my Innocence good Heaven!

Grim. No more I beſeech ye—— And pray (Sir) how d'ye find it?

Mar. I met a perſon t'other night *Incognito*; whom (not giving me a good account of himſelf) I committed: He's now without.

Grim. And being informed; that *Bianca* was found in her Cloaths, at that late hour, when this accident happen'd, I thought fit to examine her; and all I cou'd get from her, was, there were other-guiſe perſons concern'd, than Thieves — I ſent her t'ye.

Mar. The ſame, ſhe ſays to me: And more ——She's without too:

Grim. Let's have her in. [*An Officer enters, and Exit again.*

Mar. ——Within there! Bring in *Bianca*.— But wer't not convenient that *Portia* withdrew?

Por. She can ſay nothing, ſhall ſhame me to hear. [*Returns with* Bianca.

Grim. Now *Bianca*——you remember what yo've ſaid.— Who were thoſe other-guiſe Perſons?

Bian. My Lady will be angry.

Por. Speak boldly Woman ——Let Truth come out, tho' I periſh.

Bian. Fieſchi, and my Lady, had made an Aſſignation, and I was privy to it—— But it ſeems my Maſter ſitting up later than ordinary, and *Fieſchi* making ſome noiſe, my Maſter ruſht upon him, and in the Scuffle, receiv'd that Wound, from him.

Gri. Fieſchi! —— from I'll cut him from my Blood.

Imp. My

Imp. My Sister! Her Vertue sure, knew better things!

Por. And does, *Imperia* ——— My Innocence, is above Scandal.

Gri. And no one with him, but himself?

Bian. Not that I saw, or heard.

Mar. Take her back again—— [*Exeunt Officers, with* Bianca. The other (perhaps) may tell you more —— I've kept them asunder, and neither knows, of the others being apprehended.

Gri. It was discreetly manag'd —— Bring him in — *Fieschi*! —— Villain! —— Whom shall a Man put Faith in!

[*Enter by another Door, an Officer with* Pansa. —— His Servant too! —— What mischief (Sirrah) have your Master, and you, been contriving?

Pan. None, I yet hope —— However, 'come what will of me, I will declare the Truth —— About three Nights since, *Bianca* and I, had appointed a Meeting, at her Master's House, when stealing by his Appartment, it was my misfortune, to make a stumble; he hears me; I fled; He pursu'd; I got into a Closet; He sees a Glympse of my Lanthorn, and fires thro' it; I got out, and glar'd him in the Face; He fires a second Pistol, and closed with me; and having no other possibility of escaping, I was forc'd, to that unfortunate Stab, which yet, I put not so home, but that he wrench'd my dagger from me.

Gri. This agrees word for word, with what *Montalto* told me—— I wish tho', I could have seen the Dagger.

Pan. It was my Master's, who having left it carelessly on his Table, and I, considering there might be danger in the Streets, put it in my Pocket —— And with that Dagger, made the Blow.

Imp. Where was your Master?

Pan. Had he been there, it is not to be thought, I'd take anothers guilt upon my self.

Gri. This Cloud will break by degrees, and I am glad, we're got so far into't —— Take off your Prisoner.

Mar. Or rather, confront him with *Bianca*.

Gri. Well thought of — bring her in again—— [*She is brought in again.* You said ere while, that you saw no one but *Fieschi*, — And *Pansa* says 'twas himself only, and that by appointment between you two.

Pan. By this token, that she, hearing the noise, put me into the Closet, and bid me bolt it on the inside. [Bianca *stutters.*

Bian. If th'ast a mind to hang thy self do — Yes — he was there —— And I believe with a design of robbing the House.

Gri. Pry'thee speak Truth —— Whoever was there, Did your Lady, know any thing of it? [*She stands confused. At last kneels.*

Bian. Good (Madam) forgive me — You're innocent, [*She howls.*

Gri.

Gri. Take them away, and keep them ſeverally.

[*Exeunt Officers, with the Priſoners.*

Por. And now Siſter judge favourably of me:
Poor me, whom, nothing, but a quiet Conſcience,
Had kept from ſinking —— This, is the true joy;
And this, we give our ſelves; This makes us bear,
A mind, above our Sex: Fortune may clear,
The Viſage, only this, can fill the Soul.

Mar. Your Servant Sir, and occaſion offers, I'll wait on ye. [*Exeunt* Grimaldi, *leading* Portia, *by one door.* Marone *and* Imperia *by another.* *Manet*, Quartilla.

Qua. And now, when all's done, *Fieſchi*, for my Money —— He's ſcarce half rid of a Surfeit, and yet vent'ring, on the ſame diſh again —— He has a paſſion for her, that's certain, or otherwiſe, A Love-fit at this time, were inexcuſable— Well—his Preſent is ſent in, and that, ſo noble, I am afraid, he does not intend, to come often.

[Imperia *re-enters:*

Imp. What's all that Luggage in the other Room?

Qua. A Damask Bed, with maſſy Fringe, and every thing ſuitable! beſides, a rich Cupboard of Plate! And no other name for't, but Luggage? —— I wiſh your Ladyſhip had ſuch another to Morrow, we'd find it Houſe-room.

Imp. I muſt confeſs it noble —— But whence came it?

Qua. No *Terrachino*, I dare warrant ye —— It is the humble Preſent of the Outlandiſh Prince, new come to Town; *Il* Signior *Principi Polacco* ——Your Ladyſhip, underſtands the reſt —But did ye know, how I enhanc'd the affair ——Husband —— Relations — Reputation—Honour——And to all this, your utter averſeneſs — You'd ſay, I was no Fool

Imp. Is he handſome.

Qua. What matters that? his Preſent, is —However, to ſatisfy ye —He's as handſome a Man, as the beſt of us need wiſh, to lie Board, and Board by— for my part, I could ſink by his ſide.

Imp. When will he be here?

Qua. At Midnight —And you'll be aſleep.

Imp. But, to a Man I never ſaw? How ſhall I look next Morning?

Qua. Juſt as you did before ——Or you may, if you think fit, cry out, your Woman has betray'd ye —— No body will hear ye. ——tho' yet, if ye ſhou'd, he underſtands no *Italian.*

Imp. Thou ſha't ſupply my place —— All Petticoats, are Siſters in the dark.

Qua. I wou'd it were not, to wrong your Ladyſhip —— come (Madam) no more Words: Do you but leave him one ſide of your Bed, he'll find, the reſt, himſelf.

Imp. Well—we'll further conſider it, within. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

SCENE III.

The Vineyard.

Enter Mattheo ſolus [*In a black Velvet Coat. A tipt Cane, turning up his Muſtachios. Strutting, and viewing himſelf.*

IT is the ſame — Of a better Edition tho'—— And truly (to give the Devil his due) He has ſhown himſelf, much a Gentleman; which is more, than I'll ſay of every Man——I have already diſlodg'd him, from two great Ladies; and if it holds, but one Year, how ſhall I diſpoſe of this good Fortune? —— My Boy—An arrant Crack-rope; Fathers own Son—— I'll breed him, to my own new Trade; and ſend him abroad, to take his Degree——My Daughter——Let me ſee—ſhe ſhall Marry——ſome Count, or other.—

Enter Grimaldi.

But hold —— who knows, but here may be another Cuſtomer— and if ſo, I muſt ſtand off, to raiſe the Price. [*Aſide.*

Gri. Our Duke (Sir) is ſo well aſſured, of your more than ordinary faculty, at Exorciſm, that (the Lady *Julia*) a Neice of ours, being at this time, a *Damoniack*, he ſent me, to pray your help, and further, aſſure you, of as large a Reward, as your ſelf could wiſh, or the obliging a Prince may merit. [Mattheo, *puts on a ſtarcht gravity.*

Mat. I ſhall be proud, Signior, if my poor Talent, might contribute any thing, to his Serenities, or your Service—How far have you proceeded?

Gri. Try'd all, that Religion, or Phyſick could propoſe.

Mat. Have ye erected a Scheme, to know, under what direction, the Lady lies; and what kind of Devil it is, that poſſeſſes her?

Gri. I think, not.

Mat. The reaſon I ask ye, is, Becauſe there are diverſities of Devils——ſome, ſo eaſie, gentle, quiet, ye may do what ye will with 'em—Others agen, ſo ſullen, refractary, croſs-grain'd, that neither Threats, Enchantments, nor Devotion it ſelf, will do any good on 'em.

Gri. I leave it wholly to ye.

Mat. Then the firſt thing I'll do, ſhall be to erect one; both, as to the Horary Queſtion, and the matter it ſelf; And when I've done that, I'll make a ſtep to the Lady (as *Incognito*) and give ye, my Judgment of it.

Gri.

Gri. And, credit me, it shall be gratefully acknowledg'd. [*Exit.*

Mat. So so; here's more Money coming —— A Count, did I say. —We'll better consider it.

[*Enter* Roderigo *behind him, and gives him a tap on the Shoulder.*

——Thy Fist my *Mephestophilus*! And what? Thou'st left the Lady *Julia* asleep, to see a Friend?

Rod. Thy self, thou mean'st — But how cam'st thou to know it?

Mat. You see, how I improve, by your Acquaintance——'twas kindly done—And now, your Parole——What sort of People have ye, in the other World?

Rod. What not?

Mat. Have ye any Divines among ye?

Rod. Why truly—we were once afraid of 'em; And were ever and anon, making Laws against 'em: 'till at last finding, we were more afraid, than hurt; we left them at their Liberty, to come, or go —— But for the School-men, we ever shackle them, for fear they make as much disturbance there, as they have already done, here.

Mat. Any Physicians?

Rod. And they too (for several Years together) had sent us so many on their Errand, that we grew jealous of them, as that, they design'd a Party: 'till coming to a better understanding, we have ever since, not deny'd 'em House-room, for past Services.

Mat. Any Lawyers?

Rod. What should they, do there? The poor Devils, have no Money, and the Rich, will part with none—And yet we want not their, Company too—But (alas!) Let 'em get what Estate soever here, they bring not a Groat with 'em, as not doubting, but to raise another, among us: But there, the case is alter'd.

Mat. Have ye any Poets?

Rod. Of Pretenders, not the least Number: And even there too, some few, who (regarding Glory, more than Profit) in studying, to divert others, slipt their Opportunities, and lost themselves.

Mat. Have you any Philolophers?

Rod. What ——They sell Hawks-Bells, and Rattles?

Mat. The same.

Rod. We are, with them (like *Rome* of old, with their Figure-flingers) ever banishing 'em, but never rid of 'em——However, we reckon them, among the *Virtuosi*.

Mat. What are those *Virtuosi*?

Rod. They study Nature——As why a Fly, should have six Legs; and a Dromedary but four ——Why a Cat, when she's pleas'd, holds her Tail an end; And a Dog wags his—Why Crabs go backward; and the like.

Mat. And very useful Enquiries ——What Painters have ye?

Rod. The Truth is, we had once banisht 'em, for painting us, more ugly

ugly than we are; 'till *Michael Angelo*'s Day of Judgment, complemented us, with a Maſter of the Ceremonies; and *Parmaſano*, and *Carrachi*, with their Improvements upon *Aretine*: Pieces (I aſſure ye) of as much Service to us, as their others of Devotion, had like to have done us miſchief.

Mat. But what becomes of Tyrants, and others, thoſe common Peſts of Mankind? A ſort of Men, we read of, in old Story, though I think the Race, be wholly run out now.

Rod. 'Twould make ye laugh, to ſee 'em —— One, cobling of old Shooes; another, heeling of Stockings; a third, rubbing the Sweat in Hot-houſes.

Mat. Have ye, the Pox, there too?

Rod. Millions, of Millions: For they that bring it not with them, are ſure to get it, on their firſt Landing.

Mat. Well, thou'rt a merry Devil; and I muſt ſay, an honeſt Devil. —— But heark ye —— I muſt beat up your Quarters once more.

Rod. What? never have done?

Mat. You know I deliver'd ye from the Talons of the Law, and then, you told me, what a grateful, Gentleman Devil, you'd prove. ——Prethee oblige me, this once, in quitting the Lady *Julia*, And I releaſe thee of all demands whatever.

Rod. And I have paid ye ſufficiently.

Mat. But I'm concern'd in this, beyond a Retreat—Prethee, this once or I muſt ſay too, thou art not, that grateful Devil I expected.

Rod. How Sirrah! Tax me with Ingratitude!—Have ye forgot, 'twas I that made your Fortune? I that gave ye the occaſion, of that *Aphoriſmatical* Cane? And reform'd your greaſie *Shamois*, into Silks, and Sattins? —And are ye now grown Inſolent? I'll make ye know, I can take back, as well as give: or otherwiſe, call me the moſt pitiful, poor-Spirited Raſcal of a Devil ——

Mat. Nay, let's not part in Anger: A word, with ye.

Rod. As many words as you pleaſe; but no more ſtark Love, and Kindneſs. [*They whiſper.* Matheo *takes him by the Collar.*

Mat. Now Sirrah too—And ſince, nothing elſe will do it, I'll e'en return ye to your Wife. —— *They ſtruggle*, Rod. *ſinks under him, and leaves a dead Body.*

Now ſhall I be hang'd for killing this Raſcal — There's no more to be done, but cut of his Head, and bury him; and then (perhaps) wanting a Retreat, he may quit the Lady, of himſelf—I'll run for a Hatchet, and do it. [*Exit* Mattheo. Rod. *ſprings up with a hollow Laugh.*

Rod. Hoh——Hoh — Hoh—— [Rod. *runs.* Belzebub *riſes with horror.* Mat. *returns with an Hatchet, trembles, drops it, and crowds himſelf up to the Wall.*

Belz. Whither *Belphegor*! Hold!

Rod. My old Colleague, and Friend, *Belzebub*!

Belz. Which, I, abjure——we've heard of ye; Thou poor, Thou pitiful, Hen-hearted, ſneaking Devil!

Thou, General! A Scandal to the name:
Where's all that Fable of the Giants War,
Thou haſt ſo often boaſted, as thy Story?

Rod. And 'tis my Glory yet.

Belz. In Chimney-Corners:
Thou, ever threw'ſt *Oſſa*, on *Pelion*!
Away, thou changeling! ——No —— thy beſt Pretence,
Is the degenerate Off-ſpring, of their Gore;
Their, Earth-born Gore: And all thy former Soul,
Is dwindled, to a Gloe-worm——— Thou, a Devil!
A very Shame, t'us all.

Rod. The Inclination,
Follows the temper of the Body; And I,
Was out, in mine.

Belz. Thou mighteſt have choſen better:
How many brave *Bandits*, were there hang'd, yearly,
That durſt have trod, the utmoſt Brink of Space;
Have fought the Devil, on a Precipice;
Brav'd Fate; And ſtood, a ſecond, and third Thunder.
And thou, to take, ſuch a tame, ſniveling Slave!

Rod Men have no Windows in their Breaſt; and what
Could I, judge of a Carkaſs?——He was handſome,
And ſo, a ſtep, to get a Wife; which you well know,
Was the firſt thing, I was obliged to do.

Belz. And thou haſt, got one, with a Vengeance!
Miſtaken Fool! As if Women knew not, what a Smock-face meant?——They take him, for one of themſelves; only, that Nature, miſtook him in the Coineage —— if ever they, loved any thing, it was a rough-hewn Fellow, that knew, what was fit for 'em, and let 'em have it—But never, their Wills—If they once get that Bitt between their Teeth, they run away with ye.

Rod. I was to become, in all things, as a Man; And did no more than what other Men did —— and, if your, Grand *Cabal*, knew 'em ſo well, why was I ſent hither?

Belz. As an honourable Spy——Thou hadſt the World before thee; Every Lap, was thy Chapel of Eaſe; nor wert thou bound, to Reſidence.

Rod. And yet, to marry, One?

Belz. As, thoſe other Men; for faſhion-ſake—You may eaſily believe, we deſign'd no Breed—But where lay the obligation of loving her, more than other Men, their Wives?—But to doat on her! 'tis thy Eternal Blot.

Rod. There had been no quiet without it.

Belz. Unthinking Sot! Could there be any, with it?—— If ſo, what makes thee, ſhifting thus?— What's become of your Million of Duckats?

Rod. My Wife has either ſpent, or cheated me of 'em.

Belz. Beaſt of a Devil!—Muſt we, torment the Bowels of the Earth,

Or

Or from our Treaſure of the Ocean, the ſpoils of Wracks and Tempeſts, furniſh thee? Thy Folly, or thy Wife's, never to be ſatisfied—I know not what?

Rod. Ye left me to my ſelf; and I, was guided by others —— What Counſel ever drew his own Conveyance?

Belz. But thou, contrary, to all Rules of Practice, haſt given thy ſelf, Phyſick. [Rod. *ſteps forward to him.*

Rod. As his Penance then, even take the Doctor.

Belz. Stand off, — thou leſs than Man, and unworthy, the name, of Devil. — I hate a Trimming Devil——keep off.

Rod. You, are no competent Judge; you, were never Married, your ſelf—— I ſubmit all to *Lucifer.*

Belz. And when your time's expir'd, you ſhall be heard.

Rod. But if either my Wife, or Creditors catch me in the mean time, I muſt, and will return, at all adventures.

Belz. That, at your Peril — And remember, I tell it ye. [*Sinks.*

[Rod. *goes up to* Math. *yet trembling, and takes up the Hatchet, and lifts it at him.*

Rod. Now Sirrah, remember for what, you brought this Hatchet —— But I'm a Gentleman—Live——And trouble me no more. [*Exit with it.*

Mat. A fair Eſcape—But what ſhall I ſay to *Grimaldi* though —Why —he's a noble Perſon, and if I tell him the Truth, he may (perhaps) be ſatisfied; at leaſt, for a while——And if I don't out-wit my Devil, at laſt, I give him leave to brain me. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Of* Grimaldi's *Houſe.*

Enter Grimaldi, Marone.

Mar. 'TIS the moſt I can gather—*Panſa*, ſtands firm, to his firſt Examination; and *Bianca*, more and more, clears her Lady.

Gri. Nor can any thing pleaſe me better, but that, my Friend's getting up agen.

Mar. Would I could ſay as much, of *Roderigo.*

Gri. For why Man?

Mar. He's broke; and run away.

Gri. What? he that darkned all our Stars! ——Impoſſible!

Mar. Too true. ——

Gri. Yet, how you magnify'd him!

Mar. His great dealings, and punctual Payments, might have cheated any Man, as well as me.

Gri. Was the Sum conſiderable?

Mar. Two hundred thouſand Duckats at leaſt.

Gri. 'Tis a wonder, no more follow him: for it is often with Merchants, as Nine-Pins; Hit but your firſt, and ſecond right, and 'tis odds but two Parts in three, tumble.

Mar. That (I'm afraid) ſhall I, for one—He owes me, ten thouſand Duckats;

Duckats; And when I went to his Lady this Morning, ſhe told me, he had left her, a Beggar.

Gri. And yet you know, he was Wiſe, Prudent, Vertuous, —and once, your Glory, he called ye Friend—and ſhall a little Dirt part ye? —Come—— your Credit, will ſet him up again.

Mar. If it would to the Gallows, I'd venture as much more.

Gri. Your Friend —— you wou'dn't ſure?

Mar. My Friend —A very Rogue: A meer cheating, beggarly, bankrupt Raſcal. [*Enter a Servant to* Marone.

Ser. Roderigo (Sir) attempting to have got home laſt night, in a diſguiſe, was met by the Bailiffs, who ſecur'd him; and coming to him this Morning, found him dead.

Mar. Nay then, farewell my ten thouſand Duckats, if yet, that were all.

Ser. And there were found in his Pocket, ſome Papers purporting a deſign, of betraying this City, wherein you ſeem concern'd; upon which, the Senate have iſſu'd Warrants againſt you, and ſeiz'd your Houſe, and Goods, for Moneys (as 'tis ſaid) due to the Bank.

[Marone *ſtarts, and tears his Hair.*

Mar. Roderigo! my Papers! the Bank! —What ſhall I do?

Gri. Conſult your Vertue —A Vertuous Man, is ever preſent to himſelf; and proof, againſt the worſt, of Fortune.

Mar. Vertue! ---Cold comfort. [*He runs off.* Rod. *meets him.*

Rod. I was at your Houſe, to have adjuſted, ſome Accounts between us, and they directed me hither. [Marone *embraces him.*

Mar. Roderigo!——I'm o'er-joyed —They've bely'd my Friend — We'll never part.

Rod. Content. [Rod. *takes him in his Arms, and ſinks with him.*

Gri. Defend me Heaven! --What's this? [*He walks. Enter* Serv. ——'t has half bereft me of my ſelf.

Ser. A Gentleman (Sir) they call him, the Devil-Doctor deſires to ſpeak with you.

Gri. I wou'd he had come ſooner——Bring him in. — [*Exit* Servant. Sure Hell's broke looſe, this Year. [*Enter* Math. *His Head broken.* ——The dreadful Object's not yet digeſted.

Mat. I was with the Lady according to my promiſe, but (like a Dog by a Gloyer) the Devil ſmelt me out from all the Company—*Ecce ſignum.* [*He points to his Head.*

Gri. I'm ſorry for't—But the Duke, will ſend ye, a healing Plaiſter.

Mat. And I, more ſorry, that the Lady, lies under ſuch an ill direction. —Strange Configurations--The Planets in their Detriment, Retrograde, and Malevolent; nor do I remember, to have ſeen, a worſe Aſpect of Heaven——*Saturn*, and *Jupiter*, Sir. —

Gri. No Canting I beſeech ye——I believe it.

Mat. And for the Spirit, that poſſeſſes her—There has not ſuch an ill-contriv'd, capricious, hectoring Devil, broke-looſe, theſe three laſt Centuries; I believe the Fathers are ſenſible of it.

Gri. The truth is, they have had a hard tug with him. *Mat.*

Mat. He is *perverſus Hæreticus*, —Bell, Book, and Candle! He danc'd a Jigg to't—And for Holy Water! he made no more of it, than I'd have done, of a Bottle of *Montefiaſco*—upon the whole matter; I judge him ſome Devil of Quality; and then, I have no Power over him: All mine, are poor Devils.

Gri. This will not do—If you pleaſe to free her, it will be well accepted, and better rewarded—If not, be ſure, the Duke will have ye in the *Inquiſition*, and make ye ſet forth, by what new way, unknown to the Church, you have delivered the two former.—Or (who knows) Inquire *de Vita, & moribus*, and hang your ſelf.

Mat. Will ye then hear me, without canting, and I'll diſcover all?

Gri. Hear ye, I will; but promiſe, nothing.

Mat. I ask no more—— And who d'ye think this Devil is?—even *Roderigo*, our late, great Merchant.

Gri. Convince me of that, and thou ſay'ſt ſomewhat.

Mat. The Story is too large, to tell you now; but thus, in ſhort—'t as by compact between us for a prior Service, of which I'll give ye an account anon—and on that ſcore, and no other, was it, that I freed thoſe Ladies of him.

Gri. Then thou maiſt the better do this.

Mat. I once, thought it: But ſince you ſpake to me, we met; and I propos'd to him, the quitting the Lady *Julia*, as the laſt kindneſs I'd demand of him; and he not only refus'd me, but profeſt himſelf my mortal Enemy: And if this, [*pointing to his Head*] be the Token of a Friend, I leave it to you.

Gri. I am inclin'd to believe thee—for 'twas not a Minute before you came, but he was here, and gave me that Evidence of what you ſay, I'll never deſire, to ſee't agen.——But what ſhall we do with the Duke?

Mat. Do not deſpair—I've yet a trick, ſhall do the Buſineſs—Get me a large Stage, with a full throng of People: Fifes, Flutes, Cornets, Trumpets, Sackbuts, Drums, Kettle-drums, Hautboys, and Bagpipes; and let the Lady *Julia*, be brought on the Stage well attended; and when I throw up my Hat, let 'em all ſtrike up together, and when I cry Advance, let a Lady in a Veil, whom I'll appoint for that purpoſe, enter with another ſhout: And this, with ſome other Ingredients that I have, will (I doubt not) ſend him packing.

Gri. Appoint your time, and place, all ſhall be ready.

Mat. I leave that, to your pleaſure.

Gri. What think you, of t'Morrow, and the Duke's great hall for th'place

Mat. None better, and I'll attend ye there. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Fieſchi ſolus.

Fieſ. IT takes, as right as wiſh—*Quartilla*, was juſt to her hour; and in the dark, I ſhuffled my Signior *Principi*'s Hand, into hers, inſtead of mine; and there's no doubt, but ſhe has put them together—

He's

He's a brawny Fellow, and like enough, to please her — But for fear the Jade, should be fond of him, next Morning, he has his Lesson, not to answer her any thing, but broken Gibberish—The Jews sent in the Bed, and Plate on *Roderigo*'s account, as new furniture for his House, and (as I am told) are resolv'd to seize it—And if my Signior *Principi* has not deceiv'd me, we shall have Rable enough, about the House, presently) — I'll take a turn or two, to see the issue. [*He walks. Enter Jews.*

1 *Jew.* I say 'twas your Folly Brother, to send it, hand over Head.

2 *Jew.* We have had greater dealings with him, and his payment, was ever good.

1 *Jew.* But Men, may not be the same, at all times — It was considerable, and you should have inquir'd.

2 *Jew.* You, knew his Broker: And I, saw the Goods deliver'd.

1 *Jew.* But he was broke before.

2 *Jew.* How could I, know that? Men don't proclaim it.

1 *Jew.* Had we been bitten by a Snap, 'twere somewhat — But by a prodigal Fool! The Town, will laugh at us. [*Enter Officers.*

2 *Jew.* Let's not make it worse, by talking—Come Gentlemen, stand close; and as the door opens, enter. [*He knocks,* Fieschi *comes up.*

Fies. 'Morrow Gentlemen; you're early Men.

1 *Jew.* Business, must not be neglected.

Fies. And if I mistake not, your Attendants, speak where it lies.

2 *Jew.* It is too late, to conceal it now — we're miserably cheated.

Fies. What? beaten at your own Weapon!—*Roderigo* sure, is a Man of Estate, and Credit.

1 *Jew.* Time was, he might have commanded all we have, — But now — the Bird is flown.

2 *Jew.* Gone, as a Man may say, in *Puno*!

Fies. He left enough behind, unless his Wife has sold it.

1 *Jew.* There's the Danger — Knock harder. [*Another knock.*

Fies. I have no small concern with him, myself, which brought me hither too, tho' not so well provided — But [*He whispers them.* if ye can — I'll give ye. — [*Again.*

2 *Jew.* When we have serv'd our selves, we're yours.

Enter Don Hercio.

Her. What rude Hand profan'd this Sanctuary?

Fies. And who are you? [Fieschi *takes him by th' Arm, while the rest enter.*

Her. I'm the righter of Wrongs, and undoer of Injuries — Heart of Steel, and Arms of Brass.

Fies. And what Figure do you make in this House?

Her. Only engag'd, in *Roderigo*'s absence — And (like the Dragon of old) I watch the golden Fruit, 'till his return — Still, true to Honour, and will fight her Battles.

Fies. As thus, with that Baboons Snout. [*He wipes him over the Face.*

Her. Voto!—Had it been under the Ear, y'ad measured your length.

Fies. Sirrah! Begone—And take to your old Trade of knitting Caps, mending

making Hair-buttons, Tooth-picks, and false Dice, which you learnt of your Comerogues of the Galleys. [*Jews and Officers run out again, Quartilla following with a Paring-Shovel.*

Qua. Why Villains! Rogues! *Jews!* Is there no consideration of a Ladies Honour?

1 *Jew.* Keep her Honour to her self, and give us, our Goods.

Qua. And thou *Polacco*! ——Oh me! [*To* Fieschi.

Fies. I hope, your Lady had a good Night of it.

Qua. Thou Devil Incarnate! [*Enter Boys, and Rabble, whooping.*

Boys. Picaro! Picaro! make haste *Picaro!* Execution, stays for ye.

Qua. What was that? *Picaro!* [Picaro *appears above.*

Pic. I'm but buttoning my Coat, and will be with ye, instantly.

Boys. Come down! come down! There will be no Sport, 'till you come. [*Boys hollow, Qua. lays at 'em with her Paring-Shovel. They take it from her*

Qua. Ah Rogue! art thou there!—Have we refus'd *Velasco, Tedesco, di Parphar, di Laco*!—— [*She wrings her Hands.*

Fies. The Devil and all!

Qua. And now, to be shamm'd, by the Common-Hangman!

Enter Picaro, *in a white Cap, Sleeves, Apron, tuck'd round his Waste, and a large Knife stuck in it.*

Boys. Picaro! Picaro! Picaro! Picaro!

Qua. Is this your *Principi Polacco*! ——*Poveraccia*! *Poveraccia, pecatrice me*!—— I could eat thee. ——[*To* Fieschi. Thou a Gentleman! —You said you'd make a Whore of me, too; but, why don't you Sirrah? why dont ye? [*Clapping her Hands at him, and crying.*

Fies. The Fool raves—And so *Picaro*; I hope you lik'd your Bedfellow?

Pic. So well (Sir) I owe ye another Job; and that, for nothing—She was such Flesh and Blood!

Her. And shall I, see Honour thus trampled on, and yet wear trusty Steel, on Thigh! — Let me, come at the Rogue —— I'll pinck his Doublet, and make a Sieve, of's Skin. [*Boys hollow, round him, and twich him behind. He draws. They tye a Cracker to him.*

Her. Rogues, Scoundrels, Tatterdemallions! [*He whets his point on the Floor. They, fire the Cracker, and hollow.*

—I say — Rogues, Dogs in Doublets,—Were ye more renown'd, than *Palmerin* of *England*; or valiant, than his Cousin, *D'Oliva*: More undaunted, than the twelve Peers of *France*; or greater Bullies, than King *Arthur's* Round-Table Men? More adventurous, than *Kalentine* and *Orson*; or Invincible, than *Don Bellanis of Greece*: Nay — were the whole Mirrour of Knighthood contracted in ye—I'd make ye know —— [*As he is ranting,* Picaro *and another, slip the Paring-Shovel between his Legs, hoise him on their Shoulders, carry him round the Stage, and Exeunt the Boys hollowing.* Manet Fieschi.

Fies. 'Twas somewhat sharp, but just—Her Treachery, Deserv'd no better from me—— And, now no more, But a long, long Farewel, to every thing That looks like Woman; 'till, some worthy Action, Com-

Compound, for my paſt Folly—To repent,
Is the next ſtep, to being Innocent.
Men are no Angels——Somewhat, muſt be indulg'd
To Paſſion, Error, or Miſtake: The beſt,
Are not without their Faults; and the faireſt Life,
Has ſome leaves in it to be read without Favour.

[Marone *is thrown upon the Stage.* Fieſchi *helps him up.*

Marone ſure!—'tis he—'twas ſaid, the Devil had carried him away, and now (be-like) has thrown him back, as not worth keeping.

Mar. Where am I?—Or, whence, came I?—O Signior! I have wonders to tell ye—— *Roderigo* is a Spirit—A very Devil.

Fieſ. And make you, a good uſe, of your Eſcape from him.

Mar. I will, I will: And never more, oppreſs any Man, but having got clear of the Senate, what I once, ſaid in ſcorn, I'll now perform, in earneſt——I'll build an Hoſpital.

Fieſ. To lodge thoſe, your ſelf firſt Beggar'd.

Mar. Give what I have to Charitable Uſes.

Fieſ. That is to ſay—you'll ſleep upon't, and look out, for another Mortgage, next Morning.—Charity (you know) begins at home.

Mar. Reſpite your Cenſure, 'till you hear my Story—That I had hearkned to your good, vertuous Uncle!

Fieſ. Whom, under my preſent Circumſtances, I'll never ſee—If ever Man loſt his reaſon in a Petticoat, 'twas I, the poor, unfortunate, miſtaken *Fieſchi.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A great Hall.*

Enter Grimaldi, Mattheo.

Gri. YOu're a Man of your word.

Mat. And pray believe, I made not thoſe Scruples, out of any repugnancy, or want of Will to ſerve ye, but, that in caſe my endeavours, anſwer not my deſires, you might judge, the more favourably of me——Are all things ready?

Gri. They are; and if you, want nothing, I'll go for the Lady.

Mat. I only wait her—But be ſure, you follow the Directions I gave ye.

Gri. They ſhall be obſerv'd. [*Exit* Grimaldi.

Mat. And now, aſſiſt me thou great Patron of Mankind, Impudence!—I have ſome ends of Latin my ſelf, beſides a Buſhel of hard Words, I learnt from others, if I can hit 'em right—However (like them) I'll trowl it of boldly, and enough of it: Nor ſhall that trifling Circumſtance, of Senſe, and Pertinence, be any Rub in my way—Ha'n't I heard a Man quote the Books he never read; and cited Authors, that never were? And ha'n't it paſt?—What ſhould hinder it?

[Grimaldi *returns with* Julia, *in an Elbow-Chair, well attended.*

Jul. Are you, there? I'll conjure ye——Unhand me Villains.

Mat.

Mat. And you too, nor Man, nor Devil: *Semibovemq; virum, Semivirumq; bovem*—[*He whispers her*] *Belphegor*; dear *Belphegor*; you know I once serv'd ye, at a dead lift—Come—be yet, civil, and depart—if not—this, is the last time of asking.

Ful. I forbid the Banes; both Parties, are not agreed—Have I, gravelled so many Doctors, to turn out now, for a pitiful *Vinerollo*?—Let me, come at him.

Mat Then know, foul Fiend—*Conjuro, & commando tibi*, by St. *Hugh*'s Bones, St *Luke*'s Face, and *ventre St. Gri.* And by all the occult Qualities, of Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury, I once more, command, and conjure ye, that ye make me direct answer, touching your self, your Tatterdemallions, and Puggs, and forthwith depart this Lady, with all your Signatures, Tricks, Trinkets, and Trumperies, from the Crown of her Head, to the Soal of her Foot: Under the pain, that I releage, and confine ye, to your dismal Lake, for a Thousand Years, yet more, than were ever decreed ye.

Ful. The Rogue's pleasant; and I'll humour him. [*Aside.*

Mat. Tell me I say, and conjure ye as before—What are ye?

Ful. Shame faw him that speers, and kenns sa'wele.

Mat. Your Name I say.

Ful. Monsieur Devile: *Don*, or Signior *Diavolo*: *Mine Here Tifle*: *Herenagh mac Deul*; or Sir *Duncan*, in the Devil's Name.

Mat. What's here? *Philippus, Aureolus, Theophrastus, Paracelsus, Bombastus* of *Hoenhayim*?—How many are there of ye?

Ful. Ten hundred thousand Tun.

Mat. Of what Order!

Ful. Like other Bodies aggregate; of none, nor ever reducible under any.

Mat. At least, your Superior's Name.

Ful. I never own'd any.

Mat. Tell me I say; and *Jubeo*!—Is there *Absoluta Potentia Asmodei, sive cujusvis alii*; or a *vitium Corporis*, as say the Learned—What made ye first, possess her?

Ful. Look on her, and answer your self: She's young, and handsome.

Mat. So was your Wife Sirrah: And yet—— [*She falls into a Fit.*

This, will work, presently—[*Aside*] How long have ye been there.

Ful. Much about the time, you crackt a Commandment, with your Taylor's Wife—[Mat. *starts.*] Are ye concern'd Gentleman! Ha, hah!

Mat. Bring me the *Flagellum Dæmonum*—I'll taw ye.

Ful. Or rather, give your self, the first Discipline, and I'll help, to lay it on—Ha, hah, ha!

Mat. Once more, I say, turn out—Or by the *Phoberon Phoberotaton*; *Ton de Apomeibomenos*; And *Heautontemorumenos*—*Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ*—I'll——

Ful. What? my new Conjurer, what? Hoh, hoh!

Mat. I lead ye about the Country, like a Bear by the Nose; make ye turn Spits, like a Dog in a Wheel: And if that won't do't, have ye

Chain'd, like a Flea, in a Box——And therefore, diſpatch; and let me know, what ſign, you'll give of your departure.

Jul. Thunder, Thunder, Thunder, as thus, Raſcal. [*She flies on him.*

Mat. I'll have ye bound over, for Bloodſhed, and Battery.

Jul. I fear no Juſtice, under Heaven.

Mat. I'll bring ye into th' Spiritual Court, and have ye Excommunicated.

Jul. I am no Member of your Church: Or if I were, have no Money, to pay Fees.

Mat. I'll have ye burnt in Effigie, with Brimſtone, *Galbanum*, *Ariſtolochia*, *Hypericon*, and Rue; in a more terrible Cap, and painted Coat, than the Inquiſition, yet ever thought of — And if all this fail; I'll ſend ye back, to your Wife.

Jul. You told me ſo, once before; but now (I hope) you'll ſtay, 'till you catch me—— Yet, I don't like the Rogue. [*Aſide.*

Mat. Then I'll bring her to you. [*He throws up his Hat. Wind-Muſick is heard, with a Shout, without*

Jul. What would this Peaſant be at? —I have more than once, view'd all the Pomp of Heaven, nor am I ignorant, of what's moſt formidable in Hell: But what means this? — Prethee *Matheo*, what is it?

Mat. Are ye come to your Prethee, Sirrah? — Either march off civilly, or know; that Will, or Nil, you ſhall —— Alas poor *Roderigo*; your Wife's in chaſe of ye, and is juſt coming up ſtairs —Advance *Imperia*! — [*The ſame Muſick is heard. A Lady in a Veil enters, with ſhouting.* Julia *ſprings at him, and falls, as dead. It thunders. All ſtartle*

Jul. 'Tis ſhe, ſhe'as found me out.

Mat. Fear nothing; the Work is done —— and now take care of the Lady.

Gri. I'll ſee it done: And having made the Duke laugh, it ſhall be my next buſineſs, to ſee you gratify'd. [Julia *is carried off. Exeunt, all, but* Matheo.

Mat. And if I get no more, 'tis no great matter — I have lin'd my ſelf, pretty well, already: And now, all things conſider'd, I think my ſelf, happy enough, that I have 'ſcap'd Hanging, at laſt: And if in ſpight of my Stars, I ſet up for a Doctor, who can help it. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Ultima.* Montalto's *Houſe.*

Enter Montalto *(in a Nightgown)* Marone, Portia. Attendants.

Mon. I heard it from my Friend; and muſt confeſs,
Not without ſome ſurprize: I've here, and there,
Read of the Devil's Power, to condenſe
A Cloud; t'aſſume, and actuate a Body;
But never came near the Experiment, till now:
Where were ye, in that abſence?

Mar. I remember
No more of that, than how, I was thrown back.

Mon. You wou'd do well to make a Scrutiny Into

Into your ſelf, and where you gueſs the Cauſe,
Unlearn that, firſt.

Por. And if you chance to find,
You have oppreſt the Poor; make reſtitution;
And by what's paſt, correct, what is to come.

Mar. I'd once, ſuch thoughts: But, when I conſider'd,
I only took, what Law, had given me,
I thought, there was no ſuch great haſte, or need.

Por. The greater the Oppreſſion, when Law,
Is made the Stale to't.—This of *Roderigo*.
For ought you know, was given ye, as a Caution.

Mar. And had there been no Malice of his own,
I ſhould have thought ſo: But, he ow'd me Money;
Ten thouſand Duckats; And, o' my Conſcience,
Thought to have frighten'd me, to a Releaſe;
And, if I've giv'n him one, I'll plead, *per dures.*
However, this I'm reſolv'd— That, and other, the like Debts, I'll give 'em all, to Pious Uſes——But for Reſtitution— Alas, my Eſtate's but ſmall, and I cannot. [Montalto *ſmiles.*

Mon. That is, you will not ——Nor (perhaps) repent,
The late intended Treachery to your Country:
A Vertuous Man (like *Sceva* in the Breach)
Combats an Army, ſingly, for her, ſafety;
Inſeparably they ſtand, and fall together:
Cato, wou'd not ſurvive, his Countreys Liberty;
Nor did that Liberty, out-live *Cato.*
Make me think better of ye——yet, begin;
Delay, is juſt ſo much time loſt. [*Enter* Grimaldi, Matheo.

Gri. My Doctor here, has giv'n him a third remove.

Mat. And I hope, there will be no occaſion, of Shooing him round.

Gri. He'll tell ye the Story within; and, not unworth your hearing—
In the mean, I cannot, too often congratulate, your recovery.

Mon. Nor I, acknowledge, your Friendſhip.
I'll tell ye News—Good News (for there's nothing,
We muſt not ſhare) —— Methinks, I am become
Another Man; And this ſmall quiet, pleaſes,
Beyond the noiſe, of Crowds—— Now, I can ſee,
The great ones, heave like Moles, and at next turn,
Heave out themſelves; Another (Muſhrome like)
Spring in a Night, and cropp'd ere Noon; A third,
Snatch at a Booty, which, a fourth, ſtrikes from him,
And unconcern'd, my ſelf.

Gri. True happineſs,
Lies not in Greatneſs, but an honeſt Mind,
Not fram'd, of Accidents, nor ſubject to 'em:
A ſerene Breaſt; and ſuch a life, as is not
Aſham'd to live, nor yet afraid, to die.

Por. And yet, how does the World, turmoil it ſelf!
How do they play away their days! and trifle,
Their time in parts, 'till they have ſlipp'd the whole!
One buſineſs breeds another; Hope, deſire;
And that, makes room for more: How they afflict
Themſelves, and envy others! Reſtleſs in War,
And ev'n in peace unquiet! Compaſs with Care,
What they poſſeſs, with more Anxiety!

Mon. To them that love it, be't—I neither, like,
The Merchandiſe, nor price,—What is't to him,
That can't diſſemble? Him, that cannot flatter?
That's not ambitious, by Indignities,
To riſe to Dignities, and loſe himſelf?
Whereas Retirement, as it coſts us nothing,
Is much the ſhorter cut, to Heaven it ſelf.

Enter Imperia *and* Quartilla *as Diſtracted.*

Imp. Help, Help me, Siſter!—Can ye forgive me—you can't, you can't—Whither ſhall I run—He'll ha'me, he'll ha'me.

Por. You never injur'd me, or if you had, I have (as I ought) forgot it.

Qua. Our Houſe is more than haunted.

Imp. Siſter — Siſter—I've marry'd the Devil—See! where he ſtands!

Por. Bleſs the poor miſerable Woman, good Heaven!

Qua. His Eyes, as big as Pumpkins. [*She ſtarts.*] And a Mouth, like any Baker's Oven—Let me alone good Devil, and take my Lady—— ſhe's younger Fleſh. [*She ſtarts up and down, and ſhrieks.*

Imp. See—See—The Houſe cracks—The Walls, are coming together——That Beam, was ſhot at me.

Qua. I'm your old Servant *Quartilla*— good Devil.

Imp. There too—The Ground opens—I'll at him tho'— Doſt thou yet brave me——Time was, thou fear'dſt me more—I'll give ye back, your Keys——Doſt thou yet— yet——

Por. I ſee nothing, Siſter—pray walk in with me—my Innocence, dares ſpeak to him.

Imp. There, there, the greater Devil, *Fieſchi*!

Por. Poor afflicted Woman——Her hurt Imagination, conceives any thing—Pray go in with me; I'll bear ye Company.

Imp. No no,—I'll out at that Window. [*Ent.* Rod. *All are ſurpriz'd.* Imp. *and* Quart. *ſhriek, and run off.* Portia *follows.* Rod. *makes up to* Marone, *He gets behind* Montalto. Mon. *ſteps out.*

Mon. Horror!—Be Man, or Devil, I'll know what thou art. [Rod. *gives back.*

Rod. Thy Vertue is beyond the Power of Hell—Be ſafe——And if you have not heard my Story, there's one [*He points to* Math.] can tell it ye——And ſo, my Embaſſie is at an end, per-force.

Mat. And your Creditors, may ſpeak to ye, upon even terms.

Rod. No more of that—On what account, I firſt aſſum'd this Body,

you

you [*To Matheo.*] know — how I liv'd among ye, ye all know —And why, I went off ſo ſoon, my Wife, beſt knows—In ſhort, I have found Earth the greater Hell, and being obliged to no more than my own Experience, muſt declare, that Mens Souls, are in the right, and 'tis their Wives, that ſend them thither.—And for my ſelf, promiſe ye, I'll never again repent me, at ſo dear a rate. [*Exit.*

Mon. Stupendious! — And the more I conſider it, the more, I'm at a loſs—My firſt ſurpriſe, is now, aſtoniſhment.

Gri. I'm of Opinion, his two Servants, that were taken up the other night, may be the ſame, as their Maſter, and therefore I order'd *Picaro*, to bring them hither, as if they were to be put upon the Rack: Perhaps, they'll tell ye more.

Mon. It can be no hurt; tho', nothing yet appears againſt em.

Gri. I would, I could ſay as much of my unfortunate Nephew, that was; and whom, *Imperia*'s laſt words, unwillingly brought to my Memory—Can ye, as I have, and ever will, forget him.

Mon. And more than that—I have forgiv'n him; do you the ſame—He is not, naturally, Vicious, and who knows, what his future actions may be—whatever were the Injury deſign'd, it was to me—My *Portia* is ſafe and I'm reveng'd enough— The diſmal Object once agen!

[*Enter* Rod. *plodding. All the Company again ſurprized.*

Rod. But ſtay——ſuppoſe——

Mat. Are you, come agen! —Nay then advance Bailiffs! [Rod. *ſtarts. Recovers it, and goes up, ruffling to him.*

Rod. Beware ſirrah, how you fool, once too much — Suppoſe I ſay (my Term, being not a full third part expir'd) they'll not receive me below? —Why— I muſt find ſomewhere, to put my Head—For the Women, I bar 'em, Bye, and Main: Who knows, but I may have better luck among the Men?—I have (I muſt confeſs) learn'd ſome Wit among ye; and according to your frank, open, wonted Simplicity, I'll tell ye my deſign; croſs-bite it, if you can.

Mat. That could I, ſirrah, if I durſt. [*From behind* Montalto.

Rod. I'll buz Fears, and Jealouſies, among Citizens—Factions, among Country Gentlemen—Grumblings, among Younger Brothers— Heart-burnings, among Courtiers—And Sedition, among the Common People. —But, ſuppoſe again, my Citizens Wife, work her Husband, into a good Trade? —My Country-Gentleman, be made a Juſtice of the Peace? —My Younger Brother, become an Elder Brother? —My Courtier, ſtumble on a good Office; or, be taken off, with a Feather in his Cap?— The common People, get another Opinion by the end? —And at laſt Neceſſity force every Man, to comply, with what he is? Then am I but where I was.---And (as I ſaid before) in the greater Hell --- And therefore Gentlemen, 'till we meet again, *Buconos Nochios.* [*He ſinks on the Stage.*

Mon. It yet, amazes me.

Mat. Do not believe him,---it is not the firſt time he has ſhewn me, that trick.

Enter Picaro, *with* Criſpo, *and* Mingo, *manacled.*

Pic. I have brought them (Sir) according to your commands: But, if I may be believ'd, in my own Trade; the firſt ſtretch, will pull 'em in pieces.

Gri. However, give 'em the Queſtion——What are ye?

Criſ. The ſame our Maſter was—And ſince (as I ſee) he has giv'n us the ſlip; what have I to do, but follow him?

Min. The ſame will truſty *Mingo*.——Tell us of Racks! As I, came whole among ye, be aſſur'd, I'll not hazard, a Joynt, to ſatisfie, a World - Ev'n take 'em all together.

Criſ. And mine to boot. [Criſ. *and* Min. *drop, and leave dead Bodies.*

Gri. 'Tis what I thought—Thoſe Bodies, were aſſum'd—See if you know 'em; perhaps, they may have paſt your hand. [*To* Picaro.

Pic. As likely, as not; [*He turns them*)— Why truly Sir, it is no Countrey Work, and whoever did it, need not be aſham'd of't— Once more - The Knot, is in the right place; and now I better conſider it, 'tis all my own work; this *Roderigo*—I remember him—his name, was *Scabbalucchio*, a *Neapolitan Bandit*; I made his Paſsport for t'other World, about four Years ſince——But a more cowardly Rogue, I never ſaw—He hung an Arſe, more than a Bear, going to a Stake; and was three quarters dead, ere he got half the Ladder.—— But for the other two, I know no more of them, but that it was my Work too; and for Plain-Work, I dare juſtifie it.

Gri. Well, take them off, and throw 'em together, into ſome hole or other. [*They are dragg'd off.*

Mar. And let 'em lye, 'till I enquire after them.

Gri. And beware you, how ye venture another trip, to *Terra damnata*.

Mar. But the Mob (I'm told) are got into my Houſe, and rifling, what the Bank has left.

Gri. 'Tis natural to 'em, when they cannot cudgel the Aſs, to vent their rage againſt the Pack-Saddle——Go, make your Peace with the Senate, and for the reſt, time may obliterate your Oppreſſions, and the next Age forget, their Fathers were undone by ye. [Portia *re-enters.*

Por. Poor comfortleſs Woman; ſhe's fall'n aſleep at laſt.

Mon. I think 'twould do well, to ſend her, and all the Women, to the *Convertiti*.

Gri. And for *Panſa*, I'll ſecure him, the Galleys.—— And now Sir, give me leave to tell ye in private, what yet, I have in charge from the Senate.——Our Duke, having abſolv'd his two Years Government, the Senate, is at laſt become ſo ſenſible of your Merit, that they have elected you, Duke, in his room:——A more ſolemn Meſſage, will ſuddenly attend ye.

Mon. Tempt not your Friend, with a fair gilded Pill.
All bitterneſs within: I am content,

And

And what can Providence add more.
Cæsar himself, The Master of so many,
Is yet, the Servant of more.
Por. And why should my *Montalto* seek elsewhere,
What he may give himself? ——If ever Ambition
Were justifiable, 'tis the Ambition,
Of being rather good, than great.
Gri. Let Snakes, and Worms (the Emblems of Self-Love)
Circle themselves, into themselves; while Nature
Minds more, the Preservation of the whole,
Than any single Birth ——Your Country calls,
And you must once more, serve her.
Mon. Why should I waste my small remain of Life,
In blind pursuit, of what, can only serve me,
To furnish out, an Epitaph? Yet must,
Subject me, to the World, and lash of Fortune.
Por. Fortune. Who'd trust her, that has ever heard,
A Triumph, turn'd into a Sacrifice?
Or a swoll'n Favourite, whom the same day,
Saw worshipp'd, by the Senate, and ere night,
Torn piece-meal, by the People.
Mon. No *Portia*,
We'll find some nobler Object; one, on which
She has no Empire.
Por. There, spoke *Montalto!*
And let the World, from his Example, learn.
Crimes may be fortunate, while Vertue creeps;
And (like a Flower, oppress with Morning Dew)
Droops its neglected Head; but it will, rise;
Rise, under the dead weight; when t'others shall
(Like mighty Ruins) break themselves, on what they fall.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by IMPERIA.

ALL is not done: There's yet, a word or two,
For th' Author; And (Fair Ladies) first to you:
You, who're the making, or the marring Powers,
(For most Mens Watches ever went by yours)
From you, he hopes he need not fear a frown,
For what is Portia's *Vertue, but your own?*
Your own transcrib'd: and what (if ye must know
The truth) he only copy'd off from you.
But for my self: For once, ev'n let me pass;
And tho' the face mayn't please ye, spare th' Glass;
Ye can't but say, I made the Devil an Ass:
Contraries, by their contraries appear;
Were you all 'like, where were the Good, or Fair?
There were no Fund for Wit, were all Men Wise,
And Fools, wou'd want their Representatives.
Faith (Ladies) take it favourably; and then,
He thinks he's more than half secure o'th' Men:
For you, that have good Wives, can't disapprove
That in another, which in them, ye love:
And you, that have got bad ones, cannot call
The Copy ill, that hits th' Original:
What, tho' at home, ye dare scarce tread, for fear;
T'are out of hearing now, and may laugh, here:
And you, that nev'r had any of your own,
May view the Ground, before the Match be run.
Sure, some of ye will be pleas'd: And if so,
Give me your hands upon't: And seal it you
(Fair Ladies) with a Smile, 'twill clear the Air,
Make it a starry Evening, and all, fair.

FINIS.